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THE PRINCE OF WALES IN FRANCE.

THE PRINCE of WALES has been paying visits in France to one or two great Legitimist noblemen, and not even French journalists, who have no great objection to a little gossip, who can see the bad side of things readily enough when duty calls on them to look through a millstone, and who know the value of scandal in the dead season, have ventured to hint that politics lie at the bottom of the Royal visit. The Duke of ROCHFOLCAULD-BISACCIA is a Legitimist of the purest type, and was lately Ambassador in England, where he made himself agreeable and represented his country in a princely way. He was so great a man that he could ask the PRINCE of WALES to come to stay with him in France and see how partridges are shot in a country where they are certainly cheaper, and therefore, we may suppose, more plentiful, than in England. The promised visit has been paid, and the PRINCE now knows whether shooting partridges is among the things that are better managed in France. Perhaps Frenchmen with all their love of equality may have some secret satisfaction in the thought that there are still to be found in France noblemen who have enough partridges, on estates sufficiently large, to enable them to offer an adequate kind of hospitality to the heir of the English Crown. Whenever Royal visits are now the topic of the day, it is scarcely possible that our old friend the SHAH should not in some way intrude himself into our memories; and there is a legend about that shining person that he was so struck with all he saw at Trentham, and so impressed with the dangers of Royalty which the existence of the owner of such a palace must cause, that he suggested to the future King of England the expediency of cutting off in time the head of a subject too great to be borne near the Throne. The beauty of the SHAH was that one story about him was just as good and as likely to be true as another; and at any rate, if not true, there could be nothing more pleasantly Mahometan and Oriental than a legend in which this mode of regarding the Duke of SUTHERLAND was depicted. The feeling, concealed perhaps by our habitual insular pride, but still the genuine feeling of most Britons who heard the story, was that of a legitimate satisfaction that we possessed and took as a matter of course the possession of noblemen whose grandeur would have been very soon ended in Persia by the bowstring. In every society man resembles his fellow-man, and it is difficult to suppose that the hearts of Frenchmen do not sometimes beat in unison with those emotions which set our organs palpitating so deliciously. If the cynical critics of Paris could have even made-believe to believe that the PRINCE's visit had a political object, their patriotic indignation would have overcome every other consideration. But, as even people who might be supposed to accept as authentic the conversations between M. THIERS and the brigands could not be imagined capable of thinking that the PRINCE of WALES went to France in order to gild the hopes of the Count of CHAM-BORD, the arbiters of French opinion were left in a neutral and composed state of mind. To people in such a frame of thought the perception that France too could show noblemen whom the SHAH would have thought it prudent to execute was, we may venture to guess, not without a secret sweetness of its own.

Although, however, the visit of the PRINCE to France has no political significance whatever, he showed a dignified prudence in not absolutely confining his civilities to the representatives of one political party. Before he went to

kill partridges with his Legitimist friends he exchanged visits of politeness with Marshal MACMAHON, and he has subsequently accepted the hospitality of the great pride and mainstay of the Orleanists—the Duke of AUMALE. In all the little acts of Royal life discretion and tact are needed. Circumstances might easily be conceived in which it would have been very much out of place that the PRINCE of WALES should go to stay with a Legitimist Duke. It is quite true that the PRINCE cannot commit England. Whether the PRINCE chooses to shoot partridges in one place or in another, the House of Commons, and through the House of Commons the constituencies, must determine the foreign policy of England; and if there is one thing certain in English politics, it is that ordinary English people have no sympathy whatever with a set of foreigners who propose to govern a great nation in the name of Divine right, and who are certainly the allies, and possibly the tools, of Ultramontanism. Had it been supposed that the PRINCE, by going to visit a conspicuous Legitimist partisan, meant to associate England with the intrigues of those who wish to put HENRY V. on the throne of France, there would have been a howl of mortification and disappointment from one end of the country to the other. No objection can possibly be made to English Royalty paying visits of ceremony to the representatives of any foreign country, whoever they may be. If the PRINCE had gone to stay with Marshal MACMAHON there would have been nothing in the visit except a mark of attention to the actual representative of France. But to stay with the representative of a particular party in a foreign country is only defensible when the circumstances happen to be such that the visit has in point of fact no political significance. No one could possibly say that it would be right at the present moment that the PRINCE of WALES should pay a friendly visit to the brother of Count ARNIM. The PRINCE cannot dissociate himself from England. He would not in any case make the foreign policy of England different from what it would be if he stayed at home. We should, in fact, disavow the PRINCE of WALES if he gave it to be supposed that he was furthering the plans of any foreign party adverse to those of an existing Government. But it would be a great misfortune that we should have to wash our dirty linen in the eyes of Europe, and disavow the representative character of the heir of the Crown. It is all a question of time, of discretion, of good sense, of tact, whether the visit of the PRINCE to a nobleman conspicuous in the ranks of a foreign party is defensible or not. The PRINCE may be quite trusted to know when to pay such a visit and when not. Under a different set of circumstances, for the PRINCE to have visited the Duke of ROCHFOLCAULD-BISACCIA might have been a political mistake. Under existing circumstances it was a natural and harmless mode of getting amusement and giving pleasure.

Why is this? The DUKE is not only a Legitimist. He is a Legitimist who was lately Ambassador in London, and who was dismissed from his high office because he suddenly left London, appeared in the Assembly, and there uttered a Legitimist manifesto in flagrant contradiction to the views of the Government he was serving. To honour such a man by a Royal visit within a few months, it may almost be said weeks, after he thus defied the ruling authorities of the country he represented in England, might have seemed a sign of encouragement to one French party as against another. Why does no one think that the visit of the PRINCE has any political meaning? The answer is very simple, and it is one which French Legitimists may

profit by considering. The reason why it does no harm to be civil to the Legitimists is that they are not important enough to make it of any moment whether they are encouraged or not. They are mere nullities. They are out of the running. They are only gentlemanly isolated people with whom France declines to have anything to do. They every now and then start a candidate—just as the dandy in one of Miss BURNES'S novels said that he went to the theatre—to show that they are alive. But that is all. No one wants them, or believes in them, or admires them. A year ago they were busy active people with hopes and plots, and with a fair prospect of success to enliven them. Their castle in the sand was washed away and the tide of indifference sweeps over the ruins of the Fusion. They are relegated to the shooting of partridges, and the destruction of those innocent birds cannot now be made the cloak for combinations designed to upset the tranquillity of France. Perhaps Legitimist Dukes are as well satisfied as any one else that things are as they are. Just as their beloved Prince was supposed to be loth at the critical moment to quit the familiar tranquillity and safety of exile and to rush on the perilous grandeurs of Royalty, so they may be not so very sorry to be left to lead a life of peaceful and dignified luxury without the weariness of having to uphold a Court detested by the majority of their countrymen. They have really done all they could, and have earned their ease. They have worked their very hardest for their august master. They have insisted in season and out of season that he alone could save France. They have voted this way and that in obedience to the mysterious dictates of his Royal pleasure. They have quarrelled with every one for his sake. They have some of them even gone pilgrimages in the general furtherance of his interests. They have done all they could think of, or that he could suggest to them, that seemed calculated to make France believe that they and their friends were the truly national party, that the people were with them, and that three-halfpence was the right change for a shilling. They have failed, but they have honestly deserved to enjoy all that can mitigate failure—local grandeur, the luxury of discontent, the interchange of confidential bitterness, excellent shooting, and even visits from English Royalty.

THE GOVERNMENT OF LONDON.

ALTHOUGH it is impossible that a Bill for establishing a municipal government in London should be carried by a private member, the promoters act in conformity with precedent in inducing Lord ELCHO to take charge of the measure in the first instance. If the Government determines on effecting the proposed change, it will probably meet with little opposition except on the part of the City of London. Legislation is never so facile as when it coincides with the current of commonplace opinion. To those who have never thought on the question, as well as to some who have more or less fully considered it, the apparent paradox of leaving the greatest of all civic communities without a municipal government may perhaps seem a conclusive argument against the continuance of the present system. The reasons in favour of corporate organization are so plausible that it is scarcely worth while to rely on fallacies and errors of fact. Mr. BEAL, who has for several years taken an active part in the movement, lately complained in a letter to the *Times* that the proposal of the Metropolitan Board to deal with the question of London gas supply is beyond its statutory powers. If the Board had statutory power to supply gas, it would scarcely ask Parliament to pass an empowering statute for the purpose. The same disability extends to all existing Corporations in places where, as in London, the statutory power to supply gas is vested in one or more Companies. Mr. BEAL further states that, while "Bills affecting the metropolis are in every Session presented to Parliament, no municipal authority is authorized to appear in the interest of the ratepayers, the Metropolitan Board having only specific powers to deal with certain questions." Mr. BEAL is apparently not aware that, under the Standing Orders of Parliament, the Metropolitan Board is allowed a *locus standi* on every Bill affecting the district under its jurisdiction. Probably few inhabitants of London know more about the existing civic administration than Mr. BEAL; and Mr. BEAL seems to know very little. The

statement that "the mutual antagonism of the Metropolitan Board and the City Corporation is most costly to the ratepayers" requires proof which it would perhaps be difficult to supply. The representatives of the City sometimes differ from their colleagues at the Board, but their antagonism costs nothing to the ratepayers. In the proposed Municipal Council or Board there may perhaps not always be perfect unanimity.

The evils which it is proposed to remedy become less alarming when they are enumerated in detail. A common impression prevails that the traffic of the streets would be less frequently interrupted if the management of the water, the gas, and the sewers were vested in the same hands. The alleged inconvenience has frequently been urged before Parliamentary Committees as an argument for the transfer of powers from Companies to Corporations; but on fuller investigation the supposed mischief generally collapses or disappears. As long as gas and water pipes and sewers are constructed in the present manner each kind of work must be separately repaired as defects are discovered. The construction of subways or large tunnels under the streets would render the disturbances of the surface unnecessary; but it is highly improbable that a Metropolitan Corporation would enter on so costly an undertaking. The second annoyance which troubles the minds of Londoners is that different rates are collected at different times by separate officers. There would be perhaps a saving of trouble, though not of expense, if all rates were paid together to a single collector. The occasional disturbance of the pavement, and the division of rates into dribbles, will be found on reflection to exhaust the grievances of the metropolis. If the gas works and water works were to pass into the possession of the present Board of Works and the Corporation of the City, or of a future municipality, the consumers would never be conscious of the change. The Government would incur grave and merited censure if it consented at any time to transfer to a municipal body the control of the metropolitan police. A disciplined force of eight thousand men, forming at the same time the reserve of the police of the kingdom, cannot safely be at the disposal of any authority but the Government. In other districts, and in London itself, the local organization of the police seriously diminishes its efficiency. The inability of a policeman to interfere with crime committed a short distance beyond the border of a county or borough is a greater evil than any result of the want of municipal government in London.

It is well that the institution of a great and perhaps a hazardous experiment will be vigilantly watched by a jealous and powerful body. The Corporation of the City of London will not surrender its cherished privileges without a resolute struggle. It may possibly be for the public interest that the opposition of the City should be overruled by Parliament, but it is always desirable that important legislative measures should at the instance of adversaries be subjected to strict inquiry. The Court of Aldermen, the Common Council, and the Livery are not likely to be deluded by the insinuating suggestions of the promoters of any Municipal Bill. Mr. BEAL eloquently promises that, "if the City was amplified, the roof of the Guildhall lifted over the metropolis, its wealth, its prestige, its municipal experience, the glory it sheds over our municipal life, would become the property of the developed municipality." In the same sense Lombard Street and the Bank of England might be amplified if their wealth were to become the property of a developed multitude of shareholders. Owners of wealth are unfortunately for the most part selfishly unwilling to admit a developed proprietary. The citizens of London will assuredly object to be amplified by admitting Lambeth and Finsbury to a share in their corporate possessions. The roof of Guildhall shelters them sufficiently; nor is it easy to foresee the consequences of figuratively lifting and enlarging it so as to cover the metropolis. Except one or two constitutional monarchs, no potentate has ever been known so splendid, so useful, and so harmless as a modern Lord Mayor. It is not certain how his place might be filled by an amplified and developed successor. The device of bribing the Aldermen to consent to the abandonment of the property and privileges of their constituents would be transparent if it were addressed to children. The present Aldermen are to have seats for life in the new governing body, where they will form a small minority. Vacancies, as they occur, will be filled up by the vote of a constituency in which the liverymen will find themselves an

insignificant fraction. The members will only have seats in the new Corporation during the residue of their term of office; but they have less to lose than the Aldermen, and some of them probably hope to be returned by direct election.

It would at present be premature to form a decisive judgment on a great question which has never been sufficiently discussed. It is necessary for the moment rather to call attention to the importance of the proposed experiment than to determine its merits. The municipal organization of provincial towns has on the whole been successful and advantageous, although the system of election has been in some respects unsatisfactory. The statutory powers of the Corporations are strictly limited, though they are extensive, and on the whole they have been honestly exercised. As in all matters of government, the less conspicuous elements of municipal organization are often the most operative. The Town Clerk, and in some cases the Surveyor, exercises the influence of a sagacious man of business over the fluctuating democracy of the Town Council; and, as a general rule, professional men are in their own department not guided by factious motives. Sufficient securities are provided by law against the corrupt application of municipal funds; and the majority of the corporate body, though it seldom consists of the principal inhabitants, is almost always respectable in character and independent in circumstances. The magnitude of London, and the entire absence of local unity or patriotism except in the City, largely affect the conditions of corporate organization. London is six times as large as Glasgow, seven times as large as Manchester or Liverpool, twelve or fourteen times as large as Birmingham, and nearly twenty times as large as Leeds. In all those towns the inhabitants know much of one another, and they are commonly united by the interest affecting their special industry. In London no man knows his neighbour, and the wealthier residents would be equally unwilling and unable to obtain the suffrages of the constituency. A traveller might drive during the whole of a long summer day through streets and squares in which not a single house is occupied by residents below the rank of the upper middle class. If he could ascertain the opinion of the inhabitants, he would probably find neither a municipal candidate nor a municipal voter who cared to exercise his franchise. One of the greatest difficulties of modern organic legislation is the conventional impossibility of creating power, except in the form of household suffrage. The amplified and developed Corporation will simply represent the majority of the rate-payers. The largest town which at present enjoys the blessings of a popular municipality is the city of New York. No French Government has found it possible to entrust exclusively to elected representatives the local control of Paris. At present there would be no danger in London of the supremacy of a PÉTION, a FERNANDO WOOD, or a TWEED; but the security against the despotism of demagogues is more complete in the absence of a municipality. The allegation that the cost of professional service would be reduced by the substitution of a single government for a variety of local authorities may perhaps have some foundation; but the possible and doubtful saving in the salaries of engineers, clerks, and lawyers is a matter of secondary consideration. It is to be hoped that members of Parliament, and more especially that Ministers, will not make up their minds in a hurry.

SPAIN.

IT is impossible to calculate with any reasonable confidence the balance of probabilities in Spain. English newspaper Correspondents in foreign countries are almost always both honest and intelligent, but they can only report what they hear from informants who are often inaccurate and sometimes mendacious. The rumour of the plot against DON CARLOS now seems to have been unfounded, and although it is highly probable that a part of the population of the Northern provinces is becoming tired of the war, there is no reason to believe that any conspiracy against the Pretender has been formed. The civil war in the last generation ended with the treacherous surrender of Maroto in the Convention of Vergara. History seldom exactly repeats itself after so short an interval. The appointment of several Italian princes of the House of BOURBON to commissions in the Legitimist army indicates, although

it may be otherwise unimportant, an expectation that the war will continue. DON CARLOS himself has hitherto displayed no military ability, but it is impossible to deny that the claimant of a throne is in his proper place when he is even nominally at the head of his army. It now seems probable that the Carlists will be able to maintain their positions during the winter; and it is impossible to foresee the changes of circumstances which may occur in the course of a few months. The Government of Madrid has hitherto been unable to provide sufficient reinforcements for the army, and its finances will scarcely be re-established by the aid of the projected German loan. Berlin capitalists are not, as a rule, venturesome or speculative; and any sympathy which may be felt for the cause of the Madrid Government will scarcely assume the form of pecuniary contributions. At present the civil war threatens more than at any previous time to become chronic; and perhaps DON CARLOS may be the most efficient supporter of the power of SERRANO. As long as the war continues it will be necessary to retain a soldier at the head of the Government; and the contempt and hatred which the Republicans have fully earned will not subside during the continuance of the struggle for which they are principally responsible. If the son of Queen ISABELLA had attained full age, he would perhaps be preferred by the chiefs of the army to one of themselves as titular Chief of the State. For the present SERRANO has no competitor to fear, and SAGASTA relieves him of the details of administration. Unlike Marshal MACMAHON, whose position is in other respects similar to his own, the President of the Government in Spain is not troubled with the management of Parliamentary parties. The French Assembly has, in spite of external attacks and of divisions within its own body, steadily maintained for nearly four years the supremacy of the Legislature over the Executive authority; but in Spain successive Cortes have been at the disposal of any Minister by whom they were summoned. Whatever may be the true policy of the Spanish Government, there is at least nothing to be gained by a new appeal to the ridiculous decision of universal suffrage. If DON CARLOS were, in defiance of probability, to succeed in his enterprise, he would find the way to the establishment of absolute monarchy smoothed by the utter failure of representative government. The only Parliamentary quality to be found in Spain is copious eloquence unaccompanied by any portion of statesmanlike wisdom. At present generals are more in demand than orators, and they are more difficult to find, yet it is possible that the inability of LASENA and MORIONES to make any impression on the enemy may be caused rather by the insufficiency of the materials at their disposal than by their own incapacity. CONCHA seems to have been the only general who had the gift of inspiring the troops with confidence. Since his death nothing important has been done, and the season is becoming too late for active operations in a mountain country. A year has now elapsed since the recommencement of the war.

The reasons for addressing the recent remonstrance to the French Government have not been disclosed; and the Duke DECAZES has judiciously withheld an immediate answer. If the object of the Government of Madrid was to gratify Germany by displaying an unfriendly disposition towards France, it is not easy to understand how their deference is to find a reward. The formality of recognition by the majority of European Governments was the only service which any of them can render to Spain. Diplomatic newsmongers have since affected to explain the interference of the German Government in Spanish affairs by a supposed divergence of its policy from that of Austria and Russia in relation to Serbia or to Turkey. It is more probable that the recognition was accorded as a warning to DON CARLOS in consequence of the murder by his officers of Captain SCHMIDT. The suspicious advocacy of foreign intervention by a Madrid newspaper which is in the confidence of the Government appears to have been rather a hint or invitation to Germany than the disclosure of a secret. It was, in fact, absurd to expect that the German Government would wantonly engage in a remote quarrel with the ulterior purpose of encountering France on the most unfavourable ground. In ordinary circumstances a reasonable estimate of the interests of States forms a better guide to their policy than reliance on professedly confidential information. It happens from time to time that, like NAPOLEON III. in 1870, Governments suddenly plunge themselves into unnecessary and inextricable difficulties; but, as a general rule, risks are only

undertaken in the hope of advantage, and nothing is to be got by meddlers in Spanish complications. Forty years ago England and France were induced by plausible reasons to support the dynasty which was then supposed to be identified with the cause of constitutional government. It is possible that LOUIS PHILIPPE may even at that time have contemplated a matrimonial alliance for one of his sons. Lord PALMERSTON pursued a systematic policy of raising barriers against absolute monarchy, which he regarded, perhaps on insufficient grounds, as antagonistic to English interests. Since that time experience has in some degree confuted the theory that similarity of domestic institutions tends to promote sympathy between nations.

The domestic affairs of Spain have now for nearly two years diverted attention from the distant conflict which has nevertheless contributed largely to increase the embarrassments of successive Governments at home. There has been no cessation of the drain of troops to Cuba; and it is probably thought expedient to select regiments which are comparatively veteran for colonial service. Shortly before his abdication King AMADEO was supposed to have expressed an intention of proceeding to Cuba for the purpose of combating the insurrection in person. After his departure, the anarchical Governments which succeeded had enough to do in attempting to reconquer Carthage, and in dealing with the commencement of the Carlist rebellion. SERRANO on his accession to power was compelled to provide for the military wants of the colony; and at a later period he appointed General CONCHA as Captain-General of Cuba, at the same time at which Don MANUEL CONCHA assumed the command of the army in the North. Since that time little has been heard of the insular campaign; but it is known that it still continues. The affairs of Cuba appear of late to have excited little interest in the United States; but perhaps the latest intelligence may tend to revive the sympathy for the rebels. General CONCHA has announced that in future all insurgents taken in arms will be shot. It is possible that his determination may have been anticipated in practice, for Spanish officers and soldiers seem ready on the slightest occasion to disregard the modern customs of war and the restraints of humanity. General CONCHA probably wishes to produce an impression that there is no longer any regular war, so that insurgents in arms may properly be regarded as ordinary criminals. If the insurrection could be finally suppressed, even by excessive severity, the restoration of peace on any terms would be in itself beneficial, but society in Cuba is too thoroughly disorganized to allow of prolonged tranquillity. When there is again a question of incurring the sacrifices by which alone Spanish sovereignty can be maintained in Cuba, it may possibly be found that domestic disorder has abated the sensitive patriotism which has hitherto rejected all proposals for the abandonment of the island. American politicians who desire the annexation of Cuba will best promote their object by abstaining from all announcement of their wishes. More prudent statesmen are well aware that the colony is a dead weight on the mother-country, that it is incapable of governing itself, and that it would be an undesirable acquisition to a foreign Power.

OPPOSITION CRITICISMS.

THE holidays are so far over that the proceedings of the next Session are beginning to attract the attention of the political world, and the Opposition, which is free from responsibility, is naturally on the alert, and seeks to say all it can say as early and as forcibly as possible. The *Edinburgh Review* publishes the regulation party manifesto. Mr. GOSCHEN has lectured at Bath on the duties and powers of Liberals, and Mr. BOUVIER has had at Glasgow that opportunity of expounding the sentiments of a judicious Whig which the ungrateful electors of Kilmarnock have denied him in the House of Commons. Most of these utterances of Opposition criticism are rather true than new. It is quite right they should be made, but they are not entertaining. Every one can see at a glance that they are superficial, dealing only with small things and never going down into the depths of Liberal difficulties. Still it is quite within the province of an Opposition to pass such criticisms. The check upon each successive Ministry in turn is that it has to stand the test of such criticisms, and knows that its conduct is keenly watched and its blunders faithfully recorded by its adversaries. An Opposition which did not make

the most of every Ministerial blunder, and seek every sign of dissension in a Cabinet, would not generally be understood to be an Opposition. Parties must have something to live upon; and when a party is in office it lives on trumpeting its own achievements, and when it is out of office it lives on ferreting out the errors of the Ministry. There are circles, we may suppose, in which each new number of the organ of sagacious Whiggery is greeted as an oracle of instruction for those Liberals who want to wound their enemies without committing themselves. If the Liberals of Bath took the trouble to go through all the mournful weariness of a public festival and ask Mr. GOSCHEN to visit them, they want some little matter for laughter to cheer them, and would feel a legitimate disappointment if he did not enliven the evening by poking some sort of fun at the Conservative Cabinet. For this sort of political writing and speaking Mr. DISRAELI's Ministry has, it must be owned, furnished a considerable amount of material. It did not get on very well last Session. It took up measures and dropped them in a curious haphazard sort of way. It got into a mess with the Licensing Bill. It failed through its own fault to carry some measures on which it had laid great stress. It showed that in a new Cabinet all did not think exactly alike. It committed unquestionable mistakes. No impartial Conservative can deny that it was a mistake to interrupt all legislation at the end of the Session in order to propose the Endowed Schools Bill if the Bill was not worth insisting on, or that Mr. DISRAELI was both unjust and uncivil in making Lord SALISBURY the mark of the mirth and contempt of the House of Commons, for using expressions which Lord SALISBURY had never used at all. These were mistakes, and it is as much a duty as a triumph to the *Edinburgh Review* and Mr. GOSCHEN to make the most of them. Perhaps even it may be allowed that the *Edinburgh* is right in the curiously minute way in which it tests the proceedings of the last Session by referring them to the QUEEN'S Speech on the opening of Parliament. Here is a measure, it points out with rapture, put in the QUEEN'S Speech and not carried. Here is another carried and not put in the QUEEN'S Speech. Are these the men to govern a great country? This is, it must of course be owned, not the very highest style of party warfare. It is akin to the glorious excitement with which an attorney's clerk, perusing a draft lease sent for approval by an opposition firm, cries out to a brother-clerk, "By Jove, they have put in 'culverts' and left out 'waste-pipes.'" But still these things are good in their way. If leases are to be framed, let them be framed correctly. If QUEEN'S Speeches are to be penned, let the Ministry pen them carefully, and leave itself as many loopholes as possible.

It is a source of more serious satisfaction to Liberals to discover that the present Ministry has hitherto found itself obliged or willing to walk in the paths chalked out by its predecessors, to recognize Liberal victories, to yield to that moderate Liberalism of the country which never substantially wavers, and to own that there might easily be a Liberal reaction if due account were not taken of public feeling. Nor is it only in the larger questions of politics that Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues have had the triumph of seeing their successors justify them. Mr. GOSCHEN especially has had a great triumph, and has won a victory which he is entitled to find peculiarly gratifying. He was at the head of the navy for some years, and his administration was the constant theme of Conservative taunts. His successor, Mr. WARD HUNT, entered on office with the firm persuasion that Mr. GOSCHEN had done everything wrong, and that he was going to put everything right. He convinced himself that the service was going to the dogs, and the navy of England was a mere phantom. It was in this spirit that he spoke when he proposed his Estimates, and then he was challenged to prove what he said. Argument succeeded argument, and he was fairly talked down. His colleagues refused to support him, and he had to own that he should be quite content if a very few more thousands of pounds were spent on the navy. Later in the Session the Opposition as a whole won a decisive battle, in spite of the fewness of their numbers, by compelling the Ministry to abandon the Endowed Schools Bill. Mr. GOSCHEN is quite right in saying that the main business of the Liberal party at present is to take care that their opponents shall be really Liberal, although they may call themselves Conservatives. This is an effort which each party makes in turn, and the Conservatives not only tried but managed

to make Mr. GLADSTONE'S Ministry, especially in its later days, much more Conservative than it wished to be. But many Liberals seem inclined to fulfil the task of keeping the present Ministry Liberal by insisting on a very dangerous argument. They insist that the present Parliament is bound by all that its predecessor thought, or did, or said. They regard all the utterances and wishes of Mr. GLADSTONE and his supporters as binding on the nation by a solemn and eternal compact. This is really Conservatism of the most stupid sort. It is to chain a living Parliament to the body of a dead Parliament. The nation lives, and grows, and thrives, and it must do for itself the best it can under every fresh change of circumstances. Some decisions, indeed, to which our Parliament has come cannot easily be reversed. No Conservative Ministry could now restore Protection, or re-establish the Irish Church. But there are many matters of detail which may be decided in one way or in another way according as may seem best, and the Conservative Government is perfectly entitled to decide them in its way if it thinks it wise to do so. What the Liberals have to do is to prove that their way of deciding them is the best, to argue, to reason, to convince the nation if they cannot convince Parliament. If the present Government deals with University Reform, and deals with it in a fashion agreeable to Conservatives, will the Liberals of a future Parliament hold themselves bound by a solemn and eternal compact never to upset any portion of the arrangement? We may be sure they will not, and that Liberals will not have the slightest notion of doing as they now ask to be done by. They will use their power when they get it, and the real check on them will then be exactly the same as that which now operates on the Conservatives—the feeling of the country.

To criticize the blunders of the Ministry, and to keep a Conservative Government as Liberal as possible, are highly proper functions for the Opposition to discharge; but sensible Liberals must be aware that the most perfect discharge of these duties will do very little to repair the smash of the Liberal party. On the contrary, the more that salutary criticism keeps the Ministry from blundering, the more that Liberal reasoning makes the Ministry Liberal, the longer will the Liberal party be excluded from office. If any one doubts it, he may be invited to study Mr. BOUVIERIE'S instructive speech. Why is Mr. BOUVIERIE no longer member for Kilmarnock? Mr. BOUVIERIE tells us—and he certainly ought to know—that he lost his seat because he spoke and voted against the Irish University Bill. There were enough Irish Roman Catholics in his Scotch burghs to turn the scale against him. Here is a perfect specimen of the difficulty which besets all moderate Liberals on the Liberal side. They have got to please somebody or some clique whom it revolts their good sense and conscience to try to please. To keep his seat Mr. BOUVIERIE would have had to vote for a Bill which he thought very dangerous to the Empire. In one shape or another most Liberal candidates have to go through the same thing. They have to reckon with the Permissive Bill clique; or the Contagious Diseases clique, or the Women's Rights clique; or they are called on to forget Political Economy, and go in for some form of Socialism. The plain fact is that the nation is moderately Liberal, and moderate Liberals are now in power, whereas they would not be in power if Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues came into office. On both sides there is an extreme party, but it is practically much easier to make extreme Conservatives follow a Liberal lead than to make extreme Liberals follow a moderate lead. Take away the cliques, and the Irish Catholics, and the Home Rulers, and the Socialists, and the Liberal party is all head and no tail. This is not the kind of party which the nation wishes to see in office. Mr. BOUVIERIE would evidently prefer to be out of Parliament and see the present Government in office to regaining his seat, and being invited to join a new Cabinet as the price of having to sell his independence to sets of people whom he dreads or despises. And Mr. BOUVIERIE is a very fair type of moderate Liberals generally. They care for things much more than for names, and as long as the present Government fairly represents their views, they are very indifferent to the Government calling itself Conservative. The dissensions of the Conservative party are very much exaggerated; and if Mr. DISRAELI'S attack on Lord SALISBURY showed that there are dissensions, Lord SALISBURY, by remaining in office, showed that Conservatives have enough public spirit to overlook great provo-

cation in order to do what they consider the best for the country. The Conservatives, although they differ, belong to what may be termed the same set of people, whereas Mr. BOUVIERIE no more belongs to the same set as an Irish priest or Mr. BRADLAUGH than an Ashantee belongs to the same set as an Esquimaux. The Conservatives can therefore be much more easily brought to consider what is best on the whole for their party or for the nation. If the substantial unity of the Conservatives is compared with the substantial unity of the Liberals, there will be found good reason to suppose that the period during which the *Edinburgh* will have to occupy itself with checking off QUEEN'S Speeches, and Mr. GOSCHEN will be engaged in keeping Ministers straight, will be one of considerable length.

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

THE French Government have on the whole acted wisely for their own purposes in taking the elections piecemeal. Some surprise has been expressed that they should have wished to spread the political excitement which these contests necessarily keep alive over several months, instead of taking them all at once and getting the annoyance over. But the effect of successive elections and of a large batch is not quite identical. In the latter case it is the general result that attracts attention, and the more so when that result is exceedingly decisive. Ten or twelve elections going in favour of the Republic on a single Sunday would have been a very great shock to the Septennate. When they come three at a time, the details of each event are more closely looked into; and in the present state of France there is usually some feature of an election with which the victorious party has no great cause to be satisfied. On Sunday the most interesting contest took place in the department of Seine and Oise, and if a large number of elections had been decided on the same day, the result would probably have been accepted alike by friends and foes as an unalloyed triumph for the Republicans. M. SENARD has polled 15,000 votes more than his opponent; what more can a successful candidate wish? The Republicans have carried the day, and carried it by a respectable majority; short of a unanimous election, how could they have done much better? But though M. SENARD has polled 60,000 votes, his adversary managed to carry off 45,000, and when it is considered who and what his adversary is, this is a very startling fact. Amidst the confusion of many contemporaneous elections, this part of the case might have been passed over. Now there has been time to remember that the Duke of PADUA is at this moment quite a typical Bonapartist. There is about him something of the champion and something of the martyr. He has fought and he has suffered. He has defied the Prefect and the PRESIDENT, and he has in consequence been banished from the noble army of Mayors. In Seine and Oise, therefore, there are 45,000 actual voters, representing probably a considerable number of silent electors in addition, who are ready to support as pronounced a Bonapartist candidate as could possibly have been brought forward. They know what the Duke of PADUA wants, and they have discovered that they want the same thing. This would have been a remarkable fact in any incident of France, but it is especially remarkable in a department which was the chief theatre of the Prussian occupation, and suffered more perhaps than any other in the war which till lately it was the fashion in France to charge wholly upon the Empire. There must have been a very great change in public opinion before an Imperialist candidate can have found 45,000 avowed supporters in Seine and Oise. It is true probably that these 45,000 voters were not all declared Bonapartists. The clergy took the side of the Duke of PADUA, and their journals urged the electors not to adopt the policy of abstention recommended by some of the organs of the Government. It may be supposed that the Orleanists themselves did not entirely hold aloof from the contest, and if they voted at all there can be little question that they voted against M. SENARD. Whether, if they had now to make a final choice between the Republic and the Empire, they would give the lie to all their antecedents and prefer political stagnation to political excitement, is perhaps not certain, but it is clear that for the present they are perfectly willing to do so. It may be that they are only finessing, that their object is to use the Imperialists to beat the Republicans, in the hope that they will then be strong enough to beat the Imperialists, and that, if they find this

last hope disappointed, they will be ready in the last resort to ally themselves with the Republicans against the Empire. But this deduction from the Bonapartist strength is more apparent than real. It is now that Orleanist and clerical support is of most value to the cause of the Empire, and, provided that it is forthcoming now, the Bonapartists will not care much under what circumstances it is withdrawn. The sick man is fast recovering, and, provided that he can have a stick to help him when he first begins to walk about, it is all the same to him whether it is his own or borrowed. By the time that the Orleanists have discovered that the Empire is a more formidable danger than the Republic, the Imperialists will be in a position to care very little what the Orleanists think. The nation will have grown accustomed to regard them as the party which is best able to give France a settled Government, and when once this conviction has been established it will be strong enough to override all opposition.

On November 8 three more elections come on. In the department of the Oise the Duke of MOUCHY presents himself as the Imperialist candidate. Unfortunately he is opposed by two Republican candidates, and there is reason to think that neither of them is likely to give way. The Republican party has of late avoided with commendable prudence those internal divisions which are almost inevitable when men of widely different opinions are united in pursuit of a common end. Under the influence of M. GAMBETTA the extreme Republicans have virtually abdicated their claims to guide the counsels of the party. They have accepted the leadership of M. THIERS in the Assembly, and they have voted for moderate candidates in the elections. They now appear to think that they ought to be allowed to impose a candidate of their own upon the united party, and accordingly they have brought forward M. ANDRÉ ROUSSELLE in the Oise. They urge in his favour that at the last election in the department he was only 6,000 votes behind the successful candidate, and that, though his election to the Council-General has been twice set aside, he has a third time been elected. The moderate Republicans propose M. LEVAVASSEUR, on the ground that, in presence of so dangerous an opponent as the Duke of MOUCHY, it is essential not to alarm the more timid Republicans, who may easily be driven into not voting at all, even if they do not vote for the Duke of MOUCHY. It is naturally difficult to persuade an extreme section that it is their duty to yield on all occasions to the moderate section. They are disposed to plead that one good turn deserves another, and that, considering how often they have voted for moderate candidates, the moderate section ought now to be willing to vote for an extreme candidate. Of course this reasoning leaves out of sight the exceedingly important fact that, whereas the extreme Republicans would rather see a moderate Republican returned than an Imperialist or an Orleanist, the moderate Republicans are not able to return the compliment. Probably many electors in the Oise who, if the contest lay between the Duke of MOUCHY and M. LEVAVASSEUR, would vote for M. LEVAVASSEUR, would unhesitatingly vote for the Duke of MOUCHY if the contest lay between him and M. ROUSSELLE. Without in the least comparing M. ROUSSELLE to Mr. BRADLAUGH, the circumstances of the Oise election may be compared to the circumstances of the recent election at Northampton. You might have preached to Mr. FOWLER's supporters for ever without bringing them any nearer to withdrawing their candidate in favour of Mr. BRADLAUGH. Indeed, if Mr. FOWLER had withdrawn, it would not have benefited Mr. BRADLAUGH in the least degree. The voters thus set free would either have voted for Mr. MEREWETHER or have stayed at home. There is this important difference, however, between the two cases—Mr. BRADLAUGH did not care one pin whether Mr. MEREWETHER or Mr. FOWLER got in. He regarded them both with impartial dislike. Consequently it was of no use to prove to him that, if two nominally Liberal candidates went to the poll, the result would be to seat the Conservative candidate. He would have answered that from his point of view there were two Conservative candidates and only one Liberal; and if the Liberal candidate was beaten, it was immaterial to which of his adversaries he had to give place. M. ROUSSELLE does not take this line. He and his friends admit that their principal anxiety is to get a Republican candidate returned, and that, though they would prefer to have a representative exactly of their own way of thinking, they would very much rather be represented by M. LEVAVASSEUR than by the Duke of MOUCHY.

After all, however, the controversy is of less importance under the French electoral law than it would be if it related to an English election. It is essential of course that M. LEVAVASSEUR should not withdraw, since this might throw a large number of his supporters into the arms of the Imperial candidate, who might in this way secure the requisite majority at the first ballot. But it is not essential that M. ROUSSELLE should withdraw, because, if both he and M. LEVAVASSEUR stand together, the Duke of MOUCHY must have a majority over the aggregate votes given for them in order to secure his election on the 8th of November. Assuming therefore that, if M. LEVAVASSEUR stood alone, he would beat the Duke of MOUCHY, the same result will be obtained if M. LEVAVASSEUR and M. ROUSSELLE between them beat the Duke, and M. ROUSSELLE then retires before the second ballot. It may be said that this is only to postpone M. ROUSSELLE's sacrifice and that if he is in any case to withdraw in favour of M. LEVAVASSEUR, he may as well do it first as last. But this way of stating the case is not strictly true. M. ROUSSELLE will have been allowed to ascertain whether his influence with the constituency is sufficient to carry him at the first ballot, and, if he afterwards has to retire, whether he or M. LEVAVASSEUR get most votes, it will be because he can count upon transferring all his votes to M. LEVAVASSEUR, whereas M. LEVAVASSEUR could not be sure of transferring all his to M. ROUSSELLE. In this way the advanced Republicans are to some extent the sufferers by their superiority of discipline over the moderate Republicans. M. GAMBETTA's troops will serve under M. THIERS's flag, but M. THIERS's troops cannot be trusted to pay similar obedience to M. GAMBETTA. But the fact that the advanced Republicans have so often been willing to make concession shows a great advance in their aptitude for practical politics. If they persevere in the same course, they will do more to establish the Republic than they could effect by any number of electioneering victories.

POLITICS IN AMERICA.

THE American autumn elections involve little difference of principle; but the advantages which the Democratic party has already gained may not improbably modify the policy of the still dominant Republicans. Two important States, Ohio and Indiana, have given majorities to the Democratic candidates for Congress. The Pennsylvania election will not take place till November; and its result may probably be affected by the decisions of other principal States. In New York the actual Governor, General DIX, seeks re-election with all the advantage derived from a high personal character and from a term of successful administration. The anxiety of his supporters is shown by their eager revival of the scandals which were perpetrated a few years ago in the city of New York by their political adversaries. It is admitted that Mr. TILDEN, the Democratic candidate, enjoys an unimpeached reputation; but the Republican canvassers remind the electors that he bears the same political designation with the former managers of Tammany Hall. The truth is that TWEED and his accomplices were essentially swindling adventurers, and only by accident Democrats. If the Irish rabble of New York had chosen to call themselves Republicans, the demagogues would have changed sides without hesitation. As both parties are represented by creditable candidates, the election will be a fair trial of strength; and probably the result of the last political contest may be reversed. The Democrats were strong enough to carry the State in the most depressed condition of their party soon after the close of the war; and the election of General DIX may probably be attributed to the reaction against TWEED and his confederates. In New York, as in some other parts of the Union, the Republican party is becoming unpopular in consequence of its long possession of power. For fourteen years the Democrats have ceased to control Federal policy, and consequently they are not responsible for the scandals or the disappointments which have since occurred. The elections which have already taken place reduce the Republican majority in Congress below the proportion of two-thirds which enables it to propose Constitutional Amendments or to pass Bills which have been disapproved by the President. It happens that no such Amendment is at present contemplated; and the recent veto of the President on the Currency Bill was not overruled.

An approximately equal balance of parties tends to make the possessors of power more scrupulous. Prudent Republicans are beginning to disclaim complicity with their disreputable allies in the Southern States. The party still thinks itself bound to sustain the PRESIDENT in his determination to support the authority of the State Government of Louisiana; but the Republican newspapers contain significant admissions that KELLOGG and his proceedings are a dead weight which it would be desirable to remove from the shoulders of the party. There can be little doubt that the PRESIDENT judged rightly in repressing by force the irregular assumption of the government of Louisiana by the more respectable inhabitants. It would be an intolerable nuisance that in any State of the Union there should be a pretended Government *de jure* contending with a Government *de facto*. It was better to take any side than to remain neutral, and it would have been a proof of weakness to disavow the Government which had already been recognized at Washington. KELLOGG himself has, since his reinstatement in office, published an apologetic statement which illustrates both the political morality of the whole community and the real character of the local contest. He boasts that, with the unanimous approval of both parties, he has reduced the State Debt from twenty-five millions to fifteen millions of dollars by the simple process of inducing the Legislature to repudiate two-fifths of the amount. The Conservative party, while it cordially concurred in the fraud on the public creditor, objected to a Constitutional Amendment by which future loans are prohibited. It is difficult to assign any reason for a measure which, if the law is observed, will place difficulties in the way of schemes for obtaining further subsidies from credulous capitalists. KELLOGG defends the validity of his own election by a curious argument. Assuming that he received the votes of all the coloured electors, and of a few thousand white renegades, he contends that he must have been duly returned. He admits that the white inhabitants of the State form a numerical majority of the population, but he alleges that many thousands among them are disqualified as aliens. Without pretending to any knowledge of the statistics of Louisiana, strangers may conclude with perfect confidence that a white majority, with or without legal right, will find means to assert its own supremacy over the coloured minority. Even if KELLOGG were the most upright of politicians, he belongs to the weaker party. The increased strength of the Democrats will encourage the whites in all the Southern States to exert themselves in recovering political power.

The only political issue which concerns the remainder of the Union is the question whether the PRESIDENT is to be re-elected for a third term. The rule which is derived from the counsels and practice of WASHINGTON is a remarkable instance of the tendency to affix traditional interpretations to the most explicit and authoritative documents. The framers of the Constitution had only a few years before the retirement of WASHINGTON deliberately left the people of the United States at liberty either to return a President for a single term of four years or to re-elect him as often as they might think fit. It has not since seemed necessary to provide by an Amendment of the Constitution for the perpetuity of the custom which has been pursued for eighty years. After the commencement of General GRANT's second term of office it occurred to his personal supporters, and perhaps to himself, that no constitutional impediment would prevent a second re-election. Republican managers began to consider whether a novelty in the selection of a candidate might not please the popular fancy. Their opponents indeed declared that a President holding office for twelve years, and perhaps for life, would be a dictator and a CÆSAR; but the people of the United States well know that General GRANT is quite unlike JULIUS CÆSAR, and that the Republican form of government is not in the smallest danger. The only consideration which is likely to weigh with the Republican party is the probability of electing their candidate. For the present they shrink from committing themselves to a choice which might perhaps be fatal to their cause. The Republican Convention of Pennsylvania not long since started a local candidate of their own whose claims have not hitherto been sanctioned by the party in any other State. It was asserted that the delegates to the New York State Convention were privately inclined to support the candidature of General GRANT, although they ostensibly contented themselves with the nomination of General DIX for the office of Governor of New York. When a considerable number

of persons agree to keep a political secret, it may be inferred that in their judgment a disclosure of their real purpose would not be advantageous to their cause. For the immediate object of the contest in New York it is deemed expedient to disclaim any intention of disturbing the ordinary practice. It was even thought worth while to induce a member of the Cabinet to assert in a public speech that General GRANT had no intention of offering himself for re-election; but the general incredulity with which Mr. ROBESON's statement was received is not less significant than a disavowal which is perhaps literally true. General GRANT will not be a candidate unless he is invited by the party; and the Republican managers will not make up their minds until they have ascertained the prospect of success. If the established practice is opposed to General GRANT's pretensions, his superiority in reputation or in notoriety to any competitor may perhaps be thought a counteracting advantage. The political condition of America is singularly unfavourable to the production of statesmen or eminent men. General GRANT possesses considerable acuteness, he has now acquired experience in administration, and, above all, his services as a soldier greatly outweigh the performances of any mere politician. No one has thought of choosing General SHERMAN or General SHERIDAN, and the claims of any other military leader would be far inferior to those of General GRANT. It has happily become impossible to make General BUTLER the candidate of the party, although the allegation that he had received a bribe from KELLOGG failed to affect a reputation which has long since been incapable of deterioration. Mr. SCHURZ, who is the best speaker and perhaps the ablest politician in the Senate, has on more than one occasion deviated from strict Republican orthodoxy, and he is by birth a foreigner. General GRANT would probably have a larger following in the Southern States than any other Republican candidate; but it is almost certain that there will be a formal contest for the Presidency between the two great parties. At the last election the Democrats, with the aid of a disaffected section of Republicans, obtained two-fifths of the total number of votes, although General GRANT was chosen by a large majority of States. The nervous alarm of the Republicans is founded on sufficient grounds.

A PHILOSOPHER'S LEGACY.

IT might almost be imagined, from the sort of excitement which has been got up by some of the newspapers in regard to the publication of Mr. MILL's posthumous essays, that the whole nation had previously been waiting with breathless anxiety for the disclosure of this wonderful bequest. Country newspapers make desperate efforts to get an early copy of the precious work, and flood their columns with anticipatory extracts from it. The *Times* has a leader about it which in its ingenuous simplicity reminds one amusingly of the Palmerstonian theology; and of course the *Daily Telegraph* follows suit, though without rising to that romantic fervour with which it is in the habit of celebrating the two great festivals of the Christian year. One can conceive the bewilderment of foreigners on finding in what they call "the journal of the City" a leading article on Religion, Nature, and Revelation. They will be led to suppose that Mr. MILL was surely a great prophet who was worshipped by his countrymen as an oracle of perfect and unfailing wisdom, and whose final utterances were awaited with reverent awe and pious expectation. This may have been so, but we are bound to say that we had not previously discovered any trace of the fact. Mr. MILL acquired his philosophical reputation by his writings on logic and political economy, which are remarkable rather for lucid interpretation than original thought. His entrance into public life was hailed with ridiculous, and to some extent factitious, enthusiasm by a little knot of fanatical admirers, and also by politicians who trusted that their party would profit by his advocacy in the House of Commons; but most people were at least hopeful that he might have something useful to say on the special subject of his studies. The unfortunate deficiencies of his character and mental constitution were, however, soon displayed. An impulsive sentimentality which, cruelly repressed in youth, revenged itself by returning with spasmodic force in later years, gave an eccentric direction to his logical speculations, and his ignorance of human nature and want of practical wisdom betrayed him into fantastic projects and dangerous alliances. His political career was a failure, and the

weaknesses which it disclosed justly diminished his scientific authority. The publication of his *Autobiography*—the most pathetic confession of our time—revealed the abnormal experiences through which he had passed, and explained the wayward twists and caprices of a distempered mind. It was announced at the same time that he had left behind him a series of essays in which were embodied his final and matured conclusions on the gravest of all subjects; but the announcement was received with little curiosity and not much hope. The tree is known by its fruit, but the character of the tree also enables one to judge what sort of fruit may be expected from it. In this case it was foreseen that the apple would be sour and cankered, with a worm at its wasted core.

The dulness of the season probably accounts for the absurd importance which has been attached to the publication of a work the interest of which had already been discounted by the painful disclosures of the writer's autobiography. It appears that two of the essays contained in this volume were written between 1850 and 1858, and that the third was written between 1868 and 1870. Mr. MILL had thought of publishing the first of these—that on Nature—in 1873, but deferred doing so. It is not stated whether he desired the posthumous publication of these papers, but there can be little doubt that it will be injurious to his memory. They are marked by crudity, and even incoherence, as well as by flagrant faults of temper. The editor describes them as “the carefully-balanced result of the deliberations of a lifetime”; but the last of them, at least, has rather the aspect of casual and hasty reflections on a subject which the writer had previously not had leisure or inclination to attend to. The first essay is an animated, and even vituperative, attack on the system of nature. Mr. MILL is not the first philosopher who has said to himself that it would have been well if he had been consulted when the world was made. He is shocked at the “ignominious failure,” and can hardly find words strong enough to express his contempt for “so clumsily made and capriciously governed a creation ‘as this planet and its inhabitants.’” Everything is more or less mismanaged. Even the human body is a blunder, for it is too complicated, and wears badly. Blind partiality, atrocious cruelty, and reckless injustice abound to excess in the commonest phenomena of nature. All that man is continually trying to do to make this wretched world decently fit to live in is a practical accusation against nature, who, we are told, stands to man in the position of an enemy from whom he must wrest by force and ingenuity what little he can for his own use. Mr. MILL, we gather, would have begun by relieving man from the necessity of exerting himself in this way. The world would have been provided at the outset with bridges, embankments, breakwaters, lightning-conductors, and, we suppose also, electric telegraphs, railways, steamboats, and lucifer-matches. It is known that Mr. MILL was learning Greek at three years old, but if he had only been his own Creator he would have taken care that little boys should be born with a ready-made knowledge of Greek and everything else; or rather that there should be no little boys at all, but that men should come forth at once full grown and fully endowed. The forces of nature seem to have inspired Mr. MILL with a childish feeling of hate and terror. POPE'S “Shall gratification cease when you go by?” may, he says, be a just rebuke to any one who is so silly as to expect common human morality from nature; but if the question were between two men, instead of between a man and a natural phenomenon, this would be thought a rare piece of impudence. “A man who should persist in hurling stones or firing ‘cannon when another man ‘goes by’; and, having killed ‘him, should urge a similar plea in exculpation, would ‘very deservedly be found guilty of murder.’” In short, he adds, nearly all the things which men are hanged or imprisoned for doing to one another are nature's everyday performances. The philosopher would evidently have liked to hang nature if he could, but natural phenomena are unfortunately beyond the reach of the criminal law. The general conclusion at which he arrives seems to be that the Principle of Good would long ago have broken down in a hopeless struggle with the maleficent powers if the Creator had not been helped by his creatures to do what he could not do for himself, and that it is high time that men should recognize their own merits, and worship themselves as the real saviours of the world.

There is, of course, nothing new in the tirade against the injustice and ferocity of nature. It has been often

heard before, and will often be heard again, and a philosophy which can only repeat the stale indictment is not much to be thankful for. In the first essay there are evident traces of the influence of the Manichean convictions of the elder MILL. In the second, while it is acknowledged that Christianity has rendered a great service in establishing a system of pure and exalted morality, it is urged that this has now become the property of mankind, and that the supernatural character which was at first attributed to it, and which was perhaps necessary in order to secure its general acceptance by mankind, may be safely abandoned. There is an obvious flaw in the logic of the argument that, because Christianity has achieved so much, it would now be well to give it up and try a substitute of a novel kind. But the admission is significant that a substitute is indispensable. If Mr. MILL had lived less in the closet and more in the world, he would perhaps have understood the hopelessness of attempting to lift the world to the highest point of spiritual effort by means of that vague interest in “the universal good” which is called the religion of humanity. So far his system would seem to be a sort of compromise between the views which he derived from his father and the theories of COMTE. In the concluding essay he is disposed to surrender the immortality of the soul, but at the same time pleads for the systematic cultivation of hope “in ‘the region of imagination merely.’” Here, again, ignorance of human nature is betrayed in the supposition that hope will ever operate as powerfully as actual belief, or can be sustained without confidence in its realization. Humanity is not very likely to be kindled to enthusiasm by the process of allowing “the imagination to dwell by preference on those ‘possibilities which are at once the most comforting and ‘the most improving, without in the least degree overrating’—that is, really believing in—‘the solidity of the grounds ‘for expecting that these rather than any other will be the ‘possibilities actually realized.’” Mr. MILL in effect says, “The only way of alleviating the great, and to a large extent inevitable, misery of existence is by indulging in ‘dreams of possibilities which, however, you must be ‘careful in your waking hours not to expect to happen.’” In other words, existence is to be divided into two parts, in one of which man is to be oppressed by the desolation of reason, while in the other he is to console himself with the fitful satisfactions of the opium-eater. Mr. MILL's own writings illustrate the natural results of the experiment. On the whole, these essays will be disappointing to those who expected much from them; but after reading the *Autobiography* the expectations of most persons must have been exceedingly moderate.

THE SCOTCH EDUCATION REPORT.

THE Board of Education for Scotland have presented their Report for 1873 to the Committee of Council. The first meeting of the Board was held in October 1872, but they were not able to begin regular work until the close of the year, so that the period covered by the Report is really identical with the first year of the Board's existence. There has hitherto been a very general impression that, in the rural districts at all events, the Scotch provision for education is very much in advance of the English. The Report seems to show that this impression rests on nothing much better than assumption. In many parishes the school buildings were found to be quite inadequate for the children requiring education; in others they were almost in ruins; and, “notwithstanding the stringent provisions “of the law as it existed prior to the passing of the “Education Act, there are a number of parishes in which “heritors had neglected to provide either a school-house “or teacher's dwelling.” The Board estimate that there are more than 70,000 children for whom there is at present no school accommodation. To meet a deficiency of this kind is a work of much greater difficulty in Scotland than in England. In many Highland parishes “the inhabitants are congregated in small groups many miles “asunder, and on islands separated by a wide extent of “open sea from the mainland or any other island.” Children cannot go to school if they have to cross mountains and lochs to get there. Education must be brought within their reach, and the consequence of this necessity is that schools have to be very much more numerous, very much smaller, and therefore very much more costly, than in Lowland parishes. In Gairloch, in Ross-shire, for ex-

ample, there are only 850 children of school age, or just the right number for one good school. But they are scattered along a seaboard ninety-six miles in length, and ten schools will be needed to take them all in. In Applecross there are only 443 children, but eight schools must be set up before they will all have a school within a possible distance from their homes. On one of the islands at the extreme south of the outer Hebrides there are thirty children of school age, and the lowest estimated expense of building a school and teacher's house is 800*l*. The annual cost of carrying on the school after allowing for the expected Government grant will be over 100*l*. a year. The whole annual rental of the island is only 57*l*. 7*s*. In a fairly well-to-do parish it is calculated that a threepenny rate will raise 7*s*. 6*d*. for each child in average attendance at school. But in Orkney a threepenny rate would only raise 1*s*. 11*d*. for each child, while in Shetland it would only bring in 1*s*. per child. It is clear that some special provision will have to be made for the children living in these parishes. The Scotch Education Act recognizes this necessity to some extent, but not apparently to an extent at all commensurate with the necessity of the case. By the 67th section a Parliamentary grant not exceeding 300*l*. may be made towards building a school in any parish situated in certain counties in which a school rate of not less than ninepence in the pound has been levied. But in many parishes a rate of ninepence in the pound, with 300*l*. thrown in from the Parliamentary grant, would not go more than half-way towards providing the school, and then the current expenses would remain to be met. In one Shetland parish it would take a rate of four shillings in the pound to carry out the provisions of the Act.

Professor RAMSAY has made a special report to the Board on the educational circumstances of Orkney and Shetland. He suggests that in some of the poorer districts the school might be carried on by a pupil teacher from a neighbouring school. This pupil or assistant teacher might live with the teacher of the chief school, and the expense of building a teacher's school house would thus be saved. The younger children would attend the subordinate school, while the bigger boys might get as far as the principal school, and the teacher of the latter might take his assistant's place one day in the week. The instruction thus provided would be better, Professor RAMSAY thinks, than it would be if a third-rate grown-up teacher were employed. In some of the islands, however, there will be no larger school within reach. A pupil teacher, for example, could hardly be detailed for service in Fair Isle or Foula, two islands containing between them about eighty children of school age, but situated forty miles out at sea, and maintaining no regular communication with the mainland. These are extreme cases, but there are many small islands which, if they had to depend on the visits of a teacher living on the mainland or in another island, would go without schooling many days in every year. Professor RAMSAY thinks that this case may be met by the employment of female teachers. The School Boards, he says, have, as a rule, a strong prejudice against this plan, "simply because they have never had experience of any female teachers but "decrepid old women who have in neglected corners set "up adventure schools of the most wretched kind." The experience of America shows that there is no reason why women should not teach boys as well as girls with complete success, and it will probably be found very much more practicable to maintain trained teachers in remote islands if women are substituted for men. There will remain the islands in which there are only five or ten children to be taught and no day school for them to be sent to, unless one is specially set up for them. It appears that the School Boards are of opinion that it will generally be practicable to make arrangements for having these children boarded out among relatives or friends near some good school for as many months as will make up the 150 attendances required by the Code for children living more than two miles from school.

Professor RAMSAY's Report also deals with the application of compulsion to these island districts. As regards actual distance from school, he does not think that it will be found a serious obstacle. The vast majority of the children of Orkney and Shetland will have a school within two miles of them. But the weather through which they will often have to go to school will be a very great obstacle indeed. During many months of the year "terrific gales sweep "over the islands, and the rain comes down in cold "solid slices, at a cutting angle." In winter there will

often not be six children in school out of sixty in general attendance. This especially applies to the younger children. As regards the elder boys, their labour is wanted during a great part of the year on the crofts or in fishing. "It is a common thing to find two crops of "children attending a school during the year"—the younger coming in summer, when they are not kept at home by stress of weather; the elder coming in winter, when they are not kept at home by stress of employment. Professor RAMSAY rightly says that, as the compulsory clauses will have to be worked so as not to seriously interfere with the habits of the people, "under no circumstances will it be possible for all the "children of school age to be attending school at one time." He has accordingly recommended School Boards in Orkney to be satisfied when there is school accommodation for four-fifths of the children requiring education, and School Boards in Shetland to be content with providing accommodation for three-fourths. In the Lowlands the Board of Education report that the operation of the compulsory clauses has on the whole been satisfactory. The mere announcement that the powers entrusted to the School Boards were about to be put in force has usually been sufficient to bring the majority of the defaulters to confess and promise amendment. In one district in Glasgow the School Board found more than 1,400 children not under instruction. Of these 1,090 are now at school, and in only six cases has it been necessary to take legal proceedings. In another district there were nearly 3,000 children not at school. Of these 1,400 have been got hold of without difficulty, and it is expected that another 1,000 will be sent as soon as accommodation can be provided for them.

HYPOTHETICAL HISTORY.

THE great question, what would have happened if something else had not happened, has exercised the ingenuity of many historians, and, but for a certain sense that it is not likely to lead to very profitable results, might have been a very popular amusement. In that day, which some thinkers profess to anticipate, when history will be reduced to a science, the problems thus suggested will doubtless receive more attention. The students who undergo the examinations of the future will be asked to sketch the history of England on the assumption that the Conqueror was beaten at Hastings, that the Spanish Armada had effected a landing, or that a bullet had gone through Cromwell's heart at his first skirmish. Knowing all the elements of the problem, and being provided with a perfect calculus of human nature, our omniscient descendants will be able to work out the results just as an astronomer could determine the motions of the solar system on the hypothesis of the planets having been placed at other than their actual distances. For the present our knowledge of such matters is so limited that it is useless to launch ourselves without chart or compass on the boundless sea of conjectural inquiry. Such questions as we have suggested have generally been put by those historians who delight in the maxim that great events spring from trifling causes; and who therefore contemplate history as the record of a series of accidents rather than of a regular evolution. If the world is but the scene of a great game of chess, the smallest alteration in the position of a pawn may bring about changes of the utmost importance. An inversion of the issue of any of the "fifteen decisive battles" might have radically altered all later history, and a bullet or an arrow might therefore have done the work. The historian, on the other hand, who attends exclusively to the deeper forces which are at work beneath the surface of society, is inclined to regard such events as only affecting the superficial order of occurrences, and determining rather the mode in which the result is attained than the result itself. The issue of a particular battle, he would say, may be determined by chance; but the issue of a struggle between two different races or civilizations will depend upon more permanent and ascertainable causes.

Except as bringing out such differences of principle, the discussion of the "might-have-been" is rightly assumed to be a rather childish amusement. But, though sensible men do not waste their brains over such profitless inquiries, a tacit reference to hypothetical history is exceedingly common, and affects a good many popular theories. All criticism of political action of course involves some tacit assumptions. If you say that a given line of policy would have produced a certain result, you assume that the policy was in some sense practicable, and this assumption frequently involves a great deal more than is at first sight obvious, and not unfrequently amounts to simply begging the question. If Louis XVI. had been a man of genius and courage, it is suggested, the catastrophe of the French Revolution might have been superseded by a gradual reform. This statement assumes that the social order was sufficiently sound to admit of a calm reconstruction; for the most intelligent architect cannot build an enduring edifice out of rotten materials. The whole question would therefore turn upon an estimate of certain facts as to which it is difficult, or rather impossible, to obtain at

the present day any conclusive information. When it is further attempted to draw some conclusions for our present guidance from such speculations, we find that the neglect of the necessary conditions has frequently made the whole argument worthless. Let us take, for example, a line of reasoning which is extremely popular with Mr. Carlyle and his disciple Mr. Froude. They are constantly pressing upon us the doctrine—a doctrine with which in this form we are certainly not disposed to find fault—that no policy can be permanently satisfactory which is not founded upon the eternal laws of justice, and which does not imply profound respect for facts and contempt for shams. The last ruler of England, they proceed to say, who acted in that spirit, was Cromwell; and all the evils from which we have since suffered would have been avoided if only we could have had an unbroken series of Cromwells from the days of the Commonwealth to our own. If it is replied that Cromwell's policy is condemned by the fact that it brought about the reaction under Charles II., they simply reply that Charles II. ought to have been another Cromwell. English policy in Ireland, as Mr. Froude has been recently telling us, has produced all kinds of mischief in both countries because we did not carry out the Cromwellian policy. If, instead of adopting the Parliamentary system with all its corruptions, we had uniformly done what was right with a strong hand, Ireland would long ago have been a Protestant, and therefore a loyal, country, and such things as Fenianism, Home Rule, and agrarian agitation would have been killed at the root. If we grant for the sake of argument the assumption upon which the whole argument exists—namely, that Cromwell was really the most upright and intelligent of rulers—it is obvious that the speculation is still worthless, because it involves an unjustifiable excursion into hypothetical history. If we are permitted to assume such a miracle as a continuous succession of perfectly pure and intelligent absolute rulers, why may we not make any other assumption which suits our case? Why may we not say, for example, that the system of policy actually adopted would have produced the most inestimable results if only the Irish Parliament had been always independent, intelligent, and honest? Once assume that any series of men, or of bodies of men, will always do exactly what is right, and you can have no difficulty in showing how Utopia may be at once realized even in Ireland. The answer which would be made to this objection would no doubt be that the constitution of the governing body was such as necessarily to generate corruption and incompetence. That, of course, was the case, because we know what actually happened. The experiment was tried, and the failure condemned the policy adopted. But then we have clearly no right to assume that an experiment which was not tried would have succeeded any better; whilst it might possibly have led to still more disastrous results. It is at least conceivable that a Cromwellian system of government in the hands of such men as ruled England during the eighteenth century might have produced an amount of corruption and oppression unparalleled in the history of the world. It is easy to give absolute power in imagination to a set of rulers, but the question as to the use which they would have made of it is one which would have to be determined from a careful examination of their disposition, and which is certainly not answered by the bold assumption that they would always have done right. And yet it is only by tacitly making this assumption that any colour of plausibility can be put upon the conclusions deduced for our benefit. If the British Empire were always under the government of a Cromwell everything would go right. This may or may not be true; but, true or false, it belongs to the domain of hypothetical history which has no points of contact with the actually existing world, and may be left for the consideration of persons who like to indulge in an idle play of the imagination.

It would be easy to illustrate the same fallacy from theorists of different schools; as in fact it is merely one version of the maxim common to all bold theorists, *tant pis pour les faits*. The revolutionary party, for example, used to assure us, as the coarser exponents of their doctrines continue to assure us, that all tyranny was produced by the wickedness of kings, that superstition was invented by priests, and that women have been enslaved by the brutality of men. Abolish kings and priests, and give women equal rights, and all these evils will disappear. Once more we are in the region of hypothetical history. We are tacitly assuming that loyalty and faith were mere superficial fashions, and that the subordination of the weaker sex depended upon nothing but the physical strength of males. If those doctrines are true, mankind may be suited for a free and equal republic without a church and without marriage. But the advocates of such theories never trouble themselves to explain how, if mankind were naturally perfect, lying and bullying came to have such force, or how, if they are naturally imperfect, those powers of evil are to be suppressed for the future by a simple abolition of existing institutions. If we insist upon admitting facts and framing institutions for men as they are and not as they ought to be, we are indeed met by one difficulty. Are we not, in fact, drifting into a kind of political fatalism? Assume, it may be said, that whatever is could not have been otherwise, and of course all hypotheses will be purely frivolous. A bullet, it may be, has changed the course of history; but then the bullet could no more have taken a different path, or the man whom it hit have been standing an inch further to the right or the left, than a government could have been composed exclusively of virtuous persons, or than the earth could have followed a different orbit. It is therefore just as frivolous to say what would have happened had the

smallest conceivable change been made in the conditions of the problem as to say what would have happened if virtue and intelligence had been universally substituted for vice and stupidity. But to accept this doctrine would be to abolish all attempts to modify the course of human affairs, and to permit the great machine to go on grinding out happiness or misery, consoling ourselves as well as we can with the reflection that whatever is is right.

We shall certainly not discuss the everlasting problem of necessity *versus* free-will; but it is easy to observe that upon any hypothesis this is not the legitimate conclusion. Nobody disputes that our will, whatever may be the precise meaning of the word, and whether or not it may rightly be called free, can modify the course of human affairs within certain limits, which, moreover, may be very strictly defined. There are many things which a wise statesman can do, and many more which are entirely beyond his power. He cannot, for example, produce a spasmodic change in human character or in human beliefs; and he cannot foresee the future except in the most imperfect and conjectural fashion. If, therefore, according to the old phrase, we consider history as "philosophy teaching by examples," it may be profitable to consider what would have been the results of such a policy as could have been adopted by a statesman of the time, working with such materials as were at hand and upon such information as was then open to him. Directly we transgress these conditions we get into the unprofitable regions of pure conjecture. For example, it might be a profitable inquiry whether, if the policy advocated by Burke had been adopted, it would have been possible to save the British Empire in America. It is true that even such an inquiry involves some rather bold assumptions. It assumes that the English Government of the day was sufficiently enlightened, not indeed to be generally as intelligent as Burke, but to be capable of appreciating his wisdom. This is a bold hypothesis, but it is not beyond the region of the fairly conceivable, and therefore not beyond the range of combinations which may be expected to occur at some future time. By working it out we might derive some useful hints as to the colonial policy of the future. But it would be not only useless, but might very possibly be mischievous, to inquire what would have happened if all Englishmen and Americans in those days had been perfectly reasoning animals. It might, we say, be mischievous, because it would encourage the common fallacy that we may neglect the most essential condition of all political problems—namely, the stupidity and selfishness of the average human being. The hypothetical mode of reasoning is tempting, because it enables its author to take an apparently high moral point of view. He insists with great emphasis on the doctrine that a political system is good in so far as it is just and veracious. He becomes so eloquent upon this topic that he thinks himself entitled to pass over as degrading the subsidiary but all-important questions by what means veracity and a sense of justice can be cultivated amongst human beings, assuming them to be such as they actually are. He despises all questions of machinery as only worthy of grovelling utilitarians, and thus unconsciously slides into the immoral doctrine that the end justifies the means. He assumes that the shortest mode of arriving at perfect justice must be the best, and therefore takes for granted the existence of a virtuous despot or a purely reasonable democracy, as if such things were to be had for the asking. Undoubtedly short cuts to perfection are very tempting in every branch of speculation; but, if politics are ever to be made an experimental science, the first condition of successful inquiry must be to start from actual facts, and summarily to put aside as irrelevant all speculations which assume as their basis a state of things of the possibility of which we have no guarantee, and which all experience teaches us to reject as visionary.

MR. RUSKIN ON MR. RUSKIN.

MONTAIGNE begins his famous essay "Of Coaches" with Lucretius, and ends it with Atahualpa. But he is not more discursive than Mr. Ruskin, who ranges in a few pages of *Fora Clavigera* from Croydon to Assisi, and from his aunt at Perth to Ariadne in Naxos. Yet comparing Mr. Ruskin with Montaigne would at first sight appear like drawing a parallel between Socrates and the author of the maxim about men who have brains and no money. Mr. Ruskin has, however, in an eminent degree one of Montaigne's most prominent characteristics. He can interest a wide circle of readers in mere personal details. He can write long passages with no very apparent drift, yet be sure to be read to the end. He carries you back and forward in time, and up and down on the earth, at his will. Almost everybody disagrees with him. It matters little to him, though he sometimes refers to the fact with regret. He is, in one sense, as egotistical or self-satisfied as Montaigne. Mr. Ruskin uses himself, his peculiarities, his tastes, his misfortunes, his disappointments, his pleasures, his recollections, as the one never-failing source of illustration for whatever subject he may discuss. In this he has caught to a nicety the manner of the French essayist, and we have no fault to find with him for it. Mr. Ruskin is an interesting person, and sooner or later what he does will have to be recorded with care, and will form a subject for the writers of important books. It is well, therefore, that he gives us fragments of autobiography in his lifetime. Would that Mr. Mill had done the same! But Montaigne apart from his essays was nobody. He cannot have felt in his lifetime that the account

he gives of himself would ever be very interesting to any one except as illustrating the matter in hand. With Mr. Ruskin it is different. He is already a man of sufficient mark to make it a subject of considerable interest to a large circle to know whether he takes sugar in his tea or likes cats. He must be quite aware of this. We cannot tell whether *Fors Clavigera* has a wide circulation, and is a great success, commercially; indeed, we more than suspect, and Mr. Ruskin all but tells us, that it is not. But it has a circulation, and a certain number of people take it and read it with avidity. Mr. Ruskin perhaps feels like the curate whose congregation on a wet Sunday amounted to two people, and who gave them his best sermon, feeling they were entitled to it for their zeal in braving the rain. But Mr. Ruskin's audience crave for personal knowledge of the object of their admiration. They wish to know all about his birth, parentage, and education. They desire information as to his fortune, and like to hear how his money is invested. They would pry into the origin of his family and inquire after his maternal grandfather. And the supply equals the demand. Mr. Ruskin is indulgent. He gives them, to use his own words, so much of autobiography as it seems to him desirable to write. *Fors Clavigera* is the acknowledged channel by which the appetite he has created is to be appeased; and we need make no apology for venturing to recall what he has so far made known, and for endeavouring to place these autobiographical notes in a chronological and regular order. They are scattered through the forty-six numbers which up to the present time have been published. They occur *à propos* of art, science, history, religion, and political economy. They are not dragged in, but seem to come naturally and as if by virtue of a fixed law. When at Christmas he laments the excessive infant mortality of our large towns, and quotes newspaper statistics to show the effects of employing women in factories, he incidentally informs us that his mother soothed his youthful slumbers with "Hush-a-bye, baby, upon the tree top"; and he adds a memory of the dawning intelligence which objected to a defective rhyme in the first two lines. So, too, when in August he copied a part of a fresco by Simon Memmi in the Duomo of Florence, he took occasion, as he described the King, the Pope, and the Emperor, to tell us that his maternal grandmother's inn bore the sign of the "Old King's Head." It is while lecturing squire that he informs us that his mother was a sailor's daughter, and his aunt a baker's wife. A year ago, writing of Sir Walter Scott's early training, he told us how he himself was taught to read; and, a month ago, he described the pleasure he derived from lingering in his aunt's bakehouse, and said he was reminded of it by the Sacristan's cell at Assisi. Mr. Ruskin talks constantly of himself, yet he is not selfish. His egotism is like the innocent egotism of a child which always supposes the whole world to be concerned in the sad story of a bruised elbow or a broken toy. We must all sympathize with the inevitable "least shade of shyness" which increasing prosperity drew between Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, and Market Street, Croydon; and we cannot but rejoice when the family goes again to visit the homely aunt, to walk "on Duppas Hill and on the heather of Addington."

Mr. Ruskin's father, he tells us in the tenth number of *Fors*, began business as a wine merchant with no capital and a considerable amount of debt bequeathed by his grandfather. He paid his debts and made money, and his son has written on the granite slab over his grave that he was an "entirely honest merchant." There is a charming passage about his travels through England with his father, the books he used to read, the pictures he used to see, and how early he discovered the political truth that it was better to live in a small house and have Warwick Castle to be astonished at than to live in Warwick Castle and have nothing to be astonished at. Indeed, he goes further in this connexion, for he adds that he is obliged to refuse many kind invitations to America because he could not, even for a couple of months, live in a country so miserable as to possess no castles. In his twenty-fourth letter we have an account of his surname. He does not like the look of it, he says, because, as he apprehends, it is only short for "Rough Skin" in the sense of "Pig-skin;" and he cannot find historical mention of any other form of the name, except in a place to which he has lost the reference, as that of the leading devil of four, Red-skin and Blue-skin, and he forgets the skins of the other two, who performed in a religious play of the fourteenth century. This derivation can hardly be taken seriously, but Mr. Ruskin gives no indication in the context of any intention of joking. If there is any doubt that Ruskin means "little Russ," or Russian, it may be derived from a diminutive of Ralph, innumerable forms of which exist. Mr. Ruskin's father had a taste for art, and as to his other relations, we read that, besides the baker's wife of whom we have spoken, he had an aunt married to a tanner; and that there used to be a greengrocer of his name in a small shop near the Crystal Palace. His maternal grandfather went to sea at Yarmouth, and was killed when two-and-thirty years of age "by trying to ride instead of walk into Croydon; he got his leg crushed by the horse against the wall, and died of the hurt's mortifying." He was engaged, as Mr. Ruskin believes, in the herring trade, but we are not told his name. He appears to have entertained the prevalent notions of his day as to matters of family discipline, for though he spoiled his two daughters when he was at home, he could not forgive any tendency to equivocation, and the future Mrs. Ruskin, having once told him a lie, was whipped with a bundle of new broom twigs; but we have the satisfaction of knowing that it did not hurt her, though she "thought a good deal of it." There is also an aunt of whom he

tells, in Letter X., that she lived in the town of Perth, gave him cold mutton on Sundays, but had a garden full of gooseberry bushes. What this last particular implies can only be known to those fortunate persons who have tasted gooseberries where they grow in perfection. If nightingales are only to be heard south of the Trent, gooseberries can only be eaten north of it. He adds:—"My mother, indeed, never went so far as my aunt, nor carried her religion down to the ninth or glacial circle of Holiness, by giving me cold dinner, and to this day I am apt to over-eat myself with Yorkshire pudding, in remembrance of the consolation it used to afford me at one o'clock. Good Friday also was partly 'inter-meddled,' as Chaucer would call it, with light and shade, because there were hot-cross buns at breakfast, though we had to go to church afterwards." Mr. Ruskin's recollections of Sunday do not appear to be of a pleasing character. He asserts that he lost the pleasure of three-sevenths of his life because of Sunday, that he always had a way of looking forward to things, and that a lurid shade was cast over the whole of Friday and Saturday by the horrible sense that Sunday was coming and inevitable.

He very early made up his mind on certain metaphysical questions. Before he was ten years old he had settled for himself responsibility and free will by jumping up and down an awkward turn of four steps, and considering whether it was likely that God knew whether he should jump only three or the whole four at a time. Having settled it in his mind that God knew quite well, though he did not, which he should do, and also whether he should fall or not in the course of the performance—though he was altogether responsible for taking care not to fall—he never troubled his head more on the matter. In another place he gives some description of what he calls strong associative fancy about words. When he was a child the word "crocodile" always seemed to him very terrific, and he would even hastily in any book turn a leaf in which it was printed with a capital C. He complains that no one told him that crocodile only meant "a creature that is afraid of crocuses," but he intends to buy in Paris an artificial crocodile, and to show it to the first lizard he meets in Italy, to see what it thinks of it.

With regard to money matters Mr. Ruskin is most explicit. He had, when he wrote Letter XVIII., fifteen thousand pounds in Bank Stock, for which he got seven per cent.; but this particular source of income seems to cause him some uneasiness, as he feels sure it represents usury, and the Directors never ask his advice as to their investments, or solicit his superintendence of their affairs. Mr. Ruskin in the Bank parlour is a frightful vision, although he seems able to manage his house property at Greenwich on intelligible principles, and complains just like anybody else at the lawyer's delays in selling some houses. As to his disposal of his income he is equally open. He not only speaks of his seven thousand a year, but tells what he would like to do with it. We really feel a certain hesitation when we come to these pages. He complains that the Americans will not sell him a black girl, and mentions his wish to buy a white one with a title. No doubt he can obtain many if he goes the right way about it; but he seems to think he has not money enough left after he has fulfilled charitable obligations, and "white girls," he reflects, "come dear, even when one buys them only like coals for fuel." He regrets that he did not live in the days of Joan of Arc, as he would have been willing to give more than ten thousand pounds for her, and would not have burnt her. Many other traits of character he gives us in these notes as to his disposal of money, and on the whole we can say little in disapproval, except of one passage, which is certainly demoralizing according to our modern lights. He dare not, he says, give a penny to a beggar unless he is sure no clergyman is in sight.

We have no intention of sneering at *Fors Clavigera*, but it is impossible to judge of Mr. Ruskin on ordinary grounds of criticism, literary or moral. He takes up a position wholly outside the pale of everyday thought. Much of what he says is interesting only because he says it. Many of the anecdotes are important only as betraying the bent of his mind. Whole pages are occupied with disquisitions which have no bearing on any question but that of Mr. Ruskin's standing as an English writer. On the other hand, there are passages full of poetry, of philosophy, of religion, and of art, passages such as no other living author could compose, eloquent and full of meaning, stirring men up to exertion, raising them above sordid considerations, brightening their hopes, and guiding their aspirations. Then, suddenly, comes some remark so exceedingly trivial, or some piece of political or social economy so exceedingly visionary, that the whole of what goes with it is marred and tainted. It is often difficult, and sometimes impossible, to see why discordant notes are introduced into the piece. It is not easy to say what purpose is served by recording that Mr. Ruskin likes to have two servants with him when he travels, that he is fond of a dish of game, that he eats strawberries and cream with pleasure, that he once learnt twenty-six chapters of the Bible, and that he contemplates the use of a hair shirt with disfavour. Many people who admire or wonder at his writings will like to know that Mr. Ruskin is fifty-five years of age, that he eats his breakfast sulkily when correcting final proof sheets, and is not able to correct them at all within hearing of a steam whistle or within sight of a rainbow. But it is a question how far he is right in gratifying this kind of curiosity. He ministers to a depraved taste in doing so. People are self-conscious enough, and meddling enough, at the present day, without encouragement from one who assumes to teach everybody. He tells us that he has endeavoured in vain to

read a sensational novel on strikes; that when an old woman sold oranges at three a penny he gave her a penny a piece; that gas makes his headache, a peculiarity which he shares with all Londoners, we suspect; he declares himself to be misunderstood, which we do not doubt; to be ill-tempered; to have few early friends remaining; to be discouraged and disappointed. His servants make him enormous fires on warm days, and he is unable to persuade his cook to concoct the famous goose pie after the old recipe, "written purely from practice and dedicated to the Hon. Lady Elizabeth Warburton," in 1791; one day she wants a new oven, another day she has conscientious scruples as to the extravagance of the pie, and a third she does not feel well enough to undertake it at all. So much the better for Mr. Ruskin's digestion, as any one will agree who reads the prescription given in the twenty-fifth number of *Fors*. Mr. Ruskin is also greatly exercised because Messrs. Howell and James sent him circulars about silks which they have to sell at an alarming sacrifice; because penny cookery-books come to him by post, and, above all, because an old friend asks him to read a text every morning in what he calls a Sausage-book. In the eleventh letter he gives a full account of his residence at Denmark Hill, including a statement of the rent he paid, the number of men he employed, the shrubs he grew, and the azaleas he presented to young ladies. He tells his readers several things about his character too, some of which they could hardly have guessed; but one such note deserves, from its wholly unexpected nature, particular observation. In the number of *Fors Clavigera* which opened the present year we read that Mr. Ruskin considers himself a very different person from what most people, even of his friends and admirers, would suppose. His great difficulty—these are his own words—of late, whether in lecturing or in writing, is in the intensely practical and matter-of-fact character of his own mind, as opposed to the loquacious and speculative disposition, not only of the British public, but of all his former friends.

THE LESSON OF THE REGENT'S PARK EXPLOSION.

NOW that the inquest on the three men who were killed by the explosion on board the *Tilbury* in the Regent's Canal is concluded, and that the materials for a complete review of all the circumstances of the case are before us, it may be worth while to draw some practical lessons from the occurrence, and to consider in what manner London and other towns may be best preserved from a repetition of the disaster.

As to the cause of the accident, there is no reason to doubt that the verdict of the jury is correct. A strong chain of circumstantial evidence enabled the fact to be brought out very clearly that a few moments before the great explosion, there had occurred in the cabin of the *Tilbury* a sort of modified explosion or rapid burst of blue flame, not at all resembling an explosion of gunpowder. This, it was explained and experimentally demonstrated, was without doubt due to the ignition, by the lamp or fire which were proved to have been present in the cabin, of some vapour which, having escaped from a leaky or defective cask of benzoline—deposited by the care and foresight of the Grand Junction Canal Company among the powder—had percolated through the air-holes in the bulkhead separating the cabin from the stowage space. The fire thus established rapidly communicated with the cargo, the benzoline vapour acting as a "flame carrier," and exploded the powder. This explanation of the accident can hardly fail to commend itself to the acceptance of every one who takes the trouble to read the evidence, and it would be mere waste of time to set forth in detail the various points and proofs upon which it rests. It is more profitable to turn from this particular accident and its cause to the general question of the carriage of explosives through populous places, a point upon which the facts which were elicited at the inquest have thrown a great deal of unpleasant light. In the first place, it was very frankly stated by the Traffic Manager of the Grand Junction Canal Company that, if they are to carry gunpowder and benzoline at all, it is inevitable that these articles should frequently travel in the same boats; and on a subsequent occasion he stated, with equal frankness, that it was inevitable that the boats carrying the gunpowder and the benzoline should also have fires and lights on board. In the second place, we have the evidence of a petroleum merchant that the leakage or evaporation of benzoline and similar volatile substances forms an appreciable and recognized annual loss in the trade; and this evidence was strongly confirmed by that of Mr. Keates and Dr. Taylor, who both testified to the almost impossibility of preventing the escape, even at natural temperatures, of the volatile vapour from packages containing benzoline. In the third place, we have the undisputed and indisputable evidence of the scientific witnesses, and the more palpable evidence of ocular demonstration, that this vapour is of a highly inflammable character, that when diluted with certain proportions of atmospheric air it forms an explosive mixture, and that it can be ignited at "an indefinite distance" from the source of supply. This being the case, it seems to follow, on the authority of the Traffic Manager of the Grand Junction Canal Company, that every Canal Company which undertakes the transport of gunpowder and benzoline necessarily and unfailingly does so under conditions which may at any moment cause an explosion, and which in course of time must almost inevitably do so. This point being established, it is interesting to turn to the statistics of this trade. In reply to some questions by Major Majendie it was

elicited that the Grand Junction Canal Company alone had carried from the City Basin along the Regent's Canal in the three months preceding the explosion about two hundred and thirty-three tons of gunpowder, the consignments varying from nine tons downwards; and during this period about one boat per diem was despatched carrying benzoline, naphtha, and "things of that sort" with the powder. As these boats had also fires and lights on board, we arrive at the comfortable conclusion that the Grand Junction Canal Company have maintained a well-appointed and extremely efficient daily torpedo service through the Regent's and Junction Canals, which service, it seems, is only temporarily suspended in deference to the present unreasonable ebullition of public feeling, and which, it would appear from Mr. Hughes's evidence, will be resumed as soon as people have come to their senses again, and have ceased to take a stupid exception to a practice, simply because it has for once unfortunately chanced to give rise to some inconvenience. But the fact that the Grand Junction Company has made this temporary concession to popular clamour affords no guarantee that the traffic will not continue to be carried on with increased activity by other Companies, one of which at any rate, if we may judge from some recent proceedings in Bow Street, is well qualified to take the place of the Grand Junction Company in this business; and if the torpedo boat does not start daily from the City Basin, we see no reason to doubt that, weather permitting, it will take its departure quite regularly from some of the other wharfs in the metropolis.

It is not uninteresting to consider some of the other details of management of the London gunpowder traffic as revealed by successive witnesses at the inquest. The lamps which are provided by the Grand Junction Company for the cabins of their torpedo boats are unprovided with a shade of any description; but it is fair to observe that the Company do not bind their bargemen to the use of any particular pattern of lamp, and would therefore perhaps not absolutely forbid a glass shade if the "captain" of a barge chose to provide one. Naked candles also are not contrary to the regulations. The boats themselves are not specially fitted or furnished for the carriage of gunpowder. The metal work is of exposed iron, and no precautions are taken by the laying down of cloths under the powder-barrels to prevent contact of grains of escaped powder with the iron and grit. In the case of the *Tilbury* it seems from Dr. Taylor's evidence that special care had been taken to provide an efficient means of igniting the gunpowder by friction in the shape of sheets of emery-paper. The casks "are sometimes bad," and when the powder escapes it is gathered up and shovelled into the cask again, forming a pleasant mixture of gunpowder and grit for subsequent introduction into a magazine. No precautions are taken to prevent the bargemen who are stowing the powder from having matches in their pockets—"we don't trouble much about that." They wear their ordinary iron-shod, gritty boots while stowing the powder, there is no order against having fires on board while loading gunpowder, and the adjoining boats may equally have their fires alight at this time; indeed, as no one seems to know much of what is on his boat or his neighbours', it is quite clear that no orders upon this point could very well be attended to. The business of loading is carried on at crowded wharfs in densely populated parts of London, as at the City Basin and elsewhere. All attempts to obtain from the witnesses a statement as to any single precaution which was taken or directed to be taken with gunpowder specially—for which, by the way, an extra rate of about one hundred per cent. seems to have been charged—failed signally. One witness made a feeble attempt to produce the impression that it was the practice to water the boats before putting powder on board, but he was promptly disposed of by the evidence of succeeding witnesses, who were quite emphatic as to the absence of any superfluous precaution of this sort; and there seemed to be no serious disposition to question the fact that gunpowder is habitually handled and despatched by the Grand Junction Canal Company exactly as if it were so much flour or soap. No notice even of the consignment is required from the powder manufacturers, so that an indefinite quantity of gunpowder may arrive at the wharf at any moment, and there lie among the other miscellaneous stores, or in the so-called "magazine" (which has been condemned by an officer of the Metropolitan Board of Works as wanting in every element that a magazine should possess), until a boat happens to be going to the particular place to which the powder is consigned. "The tarpaulins occasionally fly open," but the Company "have issued no special orders for the proper securing of tarpaulins." Such, on the evidence of their own officers and workpeople, are the conditions under which the gunpowder and benzoline traffic has hitherto been carried on in and through London by the Grand Junction Canal Company.

What prospect we have of any improvement in the business, when the Company resume the trade on the subsidence of the existing alarm, may be gathered from Mr. Hughes's statement, which he repeated on re-examination, that the Company "could not alter their system of carrying gunpowder, nor could they see any way to improve it or make it safer"—which there is too much reason to fear is only a sample of the state of things elsewhere. That such a state of things should exist, and that, being known to exist, it should be possible for it to continue for a single day, is, we do not hesitate to say, simply disgraceful. But it is now almost exactly ten years since the whole system of the transit of gunpowder and the absence of supervision and proper legislative precautions with regard to its transport were formally and strongly condemned by Colonel (now Major-General) Boxer. And yet during this lapse of time successive Governments

have done no more than nibble at the subject, or set officers to accumulate additional evidence as to the necessity for the amendment of the law relating to explosions. Whoever will take the trouble to refer back to certain papers on Gunpowder which were presented to Parliament in 1865 will there find the strong representation addressed to the Government of that day by the Coroner's jury on the Erith explosion as to the inadequacy of the existing law; he will find the subject carefully gone into by Colonel Boxer, and the dangers to which the public are exposed, especially in connexion with the transport of gunpowder, elaborately explained; he will find a number of miscellaneous reports all pointing in the same direction; and yet during these ten years this dangerous traffic has been allowed to continue, and no fresh statutory powers of supervision or regulation have been asked for—a neglect for which successive Governments must share the blame. It is not the least unsatisfactory part of the whole affair that the public alarm consequent on the Erith explosion, which was not less intense than the alarm that at present prevails, should have evaporated without producing any results; but perhaps the true explanation of this is the one suggested by Major Majendie in his Report of 1872, that while it has been to the interest of the trade to "let sleeping dogs lie," the public "have since 1864 continually anticipated some revision of the Gunpowder Acts, and treated as imminent their promised amendment." However this may be, it is beyond doubt that public opinion will now demand, and properly demand, the strict fulfilment of promises of legislative reform too long postponed; and the question arises what form should this action take specially in relation to the transit of gunpowder.

We come now to a consideration of the remedies to be applied. The favourite remedy at the present moment seems to be a complete annihilation of the powder-carrying trade, for practically that is what the proposition to forbid the carrying of gunpowder through London would amount to. As was pointed out by Major Majendie in his evidence on Monday last, if you stop the carrying through London, you must, to be consistent, "stop it all over England in towns and populous places, or between river banks and raised canals, where inundations would do terrible damage; and if you do that," he added, "you strangle the trade." A little consideration will serve to show that this must be so. There is no more reason for singling out London for entire immunity from this traffic than there would be for singling out Manchester, or Glasgow, or Leeds, or Birmingham. So that legislation which proceeds upon the principle of never allowing gunpowder to be where an explosion would cause serious damage would involve as one of its consequences the stoppage of all traffic in this article through every town in the kingdom. Obviously this is impracticable. Many of the large towns are directly nourished by industries, such as the iron and coal trades, which depend for their very existence upon gunpowder. It would be easy to multiply arguments to show that such a course as this would be absolutely impracticable.

It has been suggested that all places at which gunpowder above a certain quantity is loaded or unloaded should be registered or licensed, and that the Secretary of State or other authority should have power on cause shown to forbid the use of any wharf or place for this purpose altogether. But this power is one which would have to be very carefully guarded and very cautiously exercised, to prevent undue injury to a necessary and very important trade, and serious injury to individual traders; and in every case of this sort full opportunity should be given to the Companies concerned of showing that there is no other wharf or place away from any centre of population which they could substitute for the one objected to. But this modified power of interference in extreme cases is the nearest approach which we conceive would be admissible to the proposition to get rid of powder altogether from populous places. And, even with this power in operation, there is no doubt that the presence and passage of explosives in and through populous places would still remain the rule—the protected places would be the rare exception; and it is, we consider, essential that legislation with regard to the matter should be based upon the acceptance of this fact. The further fact must also be faced and accepted, that the amounts of powder from time to time present in and passing through populous places will, notwithstanding such regulations as may properly be applied for the minimizing of the quantity present at any one time or place, and notwithstanding such precautions as it may be practicable to enforce for localizing the effects of an explosion, be sufficient in the event of an accident to cause serious damage to life and property. And this brings us to the conclusion that the value of any legislation upon the subject must in the long run depend upon the extent to which that legislation is adequate to prevent accidents, rather than upon the extent to which it aims at limiting the effects of any possible accident. There is of course no reason why attention to the former of these principles should involve neglect of the latter; the two should go as far as possible hand in hand. But while the latter result can at best be only very partially and imperfectly accomplished, the prevention of accidents is a matter in which an approximation to an entirely successful result may be much more practically achieved, and that at a minimum of inconvenience and injury to the trade. We are, therefore, of opinion that legislative action in regard to explosives, while not ignoring the important question of the minimizing of the effects of possible accidents, should be mainly directed to the enforcement of proper precautions in the packing, handling, storing, and transport of the explosive materials.

Nor would these precautions need to be as numerous or difficult as is commonly supposed. In dealing with gunpowder pure and simple we have the confident and assured knowledge that it is free from the remotest liability to spontaneous ignition. Consequently, so long as you guard the powder from all external sources of danger, you have a perfect confidence that your cargo is *per se* no more dangerous than one of flour or soap. The first element in securing the safety of the powder is the provision of thoroughly good and sound packages. So long as powder is packed in cases which permit of no leakage—a very important source of danger—the risk of explosion by friction or by an accidental spark is disposed of. And we trust that no pains will be spared in forthcoming legislation to secure the uniform adoption of packages from which no escape of the powder shall be possible. A remarkable instance of the efficacy of a good case as a protection for powder against even formidable adjacent fire and explosion is afforded by the circumstance that several tin canisters containing powder were blown out of the *Tilbury* and afterwards recovered. Assuming that we have our powder in proper packages, we have next to consider its stowage in vehicles or vessels which are themselves free from elements of accident, and under conditions which will render the approach to it of fire in any form impossible. Here we touch upon the question of mixed cargoes; and most persons will probably agree that gunpowder should not be carried under any circumstances with miscellaneous cargoes of a highly inflammable character, and not even with miscellaneous cargoes of non-inflammable character, unless the powder be placed in a separate part of the vessel. The regulations should extend also to the forbidding of fire or smoking at certain times, and of any acts tending to cause accident; and regular powder barges ought, we should say, to be provided with lightning conductors. When these precautions have been taken, and when provision is made by an efficient system of local registration and inspection for the due observance of all the rules, all reasonable risks will be eliminated as far as the transport itself is concerned. The shipping and unshipping of the explosives are matters not so easily regulated, as each case would to a certain extent have to be considered on its merits in relation to local circumstances. This should be provided for, as recommended by the Select Committee on Explosives, by requiring such shipment to be carried on under by-laws to be approved by a central authority. Such, in outline, is the sort of form which legislation on this subject should take—temperate, well-considered statutory rules for the general regulation of the traffic, properly approved by-laws for the local regulation of the shipment or unshipment, and an efficient system of registration, inspection, and control. When these safeguards are adopted, the people who are now fleeing from their houses in the Regent's Park may venture to return to them; but until some such amended legislation is introduced, they will perhaps be acting more prudently in remaining away from them.

MUCH WENLOCK.

THE traditional schoolboy is no doubt well versed in the history of Shropshire. He knows the origin of the toast of "All friends round the Wrekin," he knows the height of that hill, the name of the village that gave birth to Wycherley, and the age of Old Parr when he died. All this and still more he may have at his fingers' ends, but we venture to say that he knows nothing at all about the borough or the town of Much Wenlock. Members even of Brooks's and the Carlton are ignorant on this important subject. One man thinks the place is in Cornwall; another believes that it was disfranchised in 1832; while a third inveighs against it as a constituency which ought at least to have lost one member in 1867. As correct views should prevail, and as public attention will, for perhaps one day, be directed to Much Wenlock on the occasion of the vacancy in its representation, we propose to say a few words about it.

The first thing to do is to distinguish between the town and the borough. Before the existence of the line of railway connecting Wellington and Craven Arms, few towns were more out of the way, and the natural access was by a twelve miles' drive from Shrewsbury or Wellington. Yet, whatever might have been the difficulty of the journey, the traveller would have been repaid for his trouble. The town, numbering some 2,400 inhabitants, lies in a little hollow on the tableland which is reached by the ascent of Wenlock Edge, and is not visible from any side until it is almost reached. There are no straggling houses, all is grouped together—its two main streets in the form of a T, and the little station which might serve for a vicarage during the long intervals when no train is to be seen. Westward lie the parish church, rich in Norman as well as Perpendicular details, the ruins of the stately Abbey, the fifteenth-century uniformity of the Abbot's house with its double cloisters rearing its head above the fragments around it, and the gable of the southern transept which displays in its proportions work of the finest time in English architecture. At some future day we may perhaps say something about these remains, which early in this century served as the quarry from which all the building stone required in the repairs of the walls and cottages in the town was taken. Charming as the scene is now, the tourist of the past does not seem to have been always captivated by it. "It has," says a writer of the town in 1769, "two ill-built streets, and, standing low, is so dirty that strangers by way

of derision call it Muck Wenlock." Dr. Johnson when he passed through it in 1774 called it "a very mean place, though a boro'." He probably cut his name in the chapter-house of the Abbey, and broke off a croquet by swinging his stick round; unless indeed the comforts of some among the innumerable public-houses which, judging from present analogy, must have existed at that time, proved too strong for him and kept him indoors. Once Wenlock was great in affording facilities for drinking beer. It was said that the answer to a newly appointed vicar who inquired whether the water was good was to the effect that the oldest inhabitant had never tasted it. One of these veterans, on being asked whether the story could be true that a German had drunk ninety measures of ale in one day, replied that he hardly knew, but that certainly eighty-four might be drunk, which conclusively proved the possibility of the accomplishment of the German feat. Those days are however passed, and there are now sad gaps in what once presented an unbroken line of beershops and taverns. The houses have been so frequently repaired and altered that the archaeologist could rarely guess their age. Sometimes a seventeenth-century date is seen between two windows of the Georgian era, and a sleek plastered house ends in a huge chimney carried up externally, probably coeval with the Abbey. Here and there stand what once were manor-houses of some repute, but now fallen from their old estate and converted into shops. One bearing the date of 1681 has a quaint balcony with spiral columns between its two projecting gables, though whether it was intended for ornament only or as a kind of *ringhiera* is not very evident. Another old house has a stone arched gateway, and is no doubt of early sixteenth-century work. The town is full of mediæval relics, of wells with saintly names and holy memories, built like miniature crypts in days when stonemasons did not grudge their work, and nothing was so mean as not to admit of beauty. In all the glories, however, of the nineteenth century Wenlock has but little share. Much or Great she can only be called in contradistinction to Little Wenlock, which nestles at the south-eastern foot of the Wrekin. Famous she may be, as in Camden's time, for limestone, but neither trade, nor railway, nor a National School, nor telegraphy has increased her population during the last decade. There have been but few tourists since M. Jorevin de Rocheford's visit in 1672, who was a good deal troubled by the nomenclature of the place, and registered it at last as *Menchouenlat*—at least this is the only possible interpretation we can suggest of this eccentric spelling. The engine puffs once or twice a day, but it conveys no passengers. There is no noise, no hurry, no confusion. Never do to-day what you can do to-morrow, and never do yourself what you can get any one else to do for you—such is the little town's motto, as she tries to remember that Henry VIII. is dead, and that the monastery is dissolved. But with the dissolution went her real reason for existence, and she must submit to be spoken of by Murray "as now little more than a village." She belongs to the past, to be outstripped in the race of life as much as the fossils in the primary rocks around her. Americans often complain that in our zeal for improvement and our democratic rage we shall leave them no quiet place to take refuge in; we can, however, safely promise that centuries will succeed one another without disturbing the repose and the beauty of Wenlock, and that with "Clunford and Clunbury, Clunbury and Clun," she will long boast of being one of the "quietest places under the sun." She must not, however, be exposed to the harassing cares of two elections within the year, to public addresses, and such like; otherwise a taste for knowledge will creep in, a gazette or a journal will be established, and her privacy destroyed.

But it is time that we should turn to the borough, which has a population of more than 21,000, and numbers 3,541 electors upon the present register. The borough is a county in extent, and is nearly identical with the ancient possessions of the Abbey. The Severn divides it roughly into two equal parts as regards population—the part which lies on the right bank numbering 1,711 voters, the majority of whom are occupied in agricultural pursuits, and present a strong contrast to the inhabitants of Coalbrookdale, of Ironbridge, and of Madeley, who are chiefly engaged in the coal and iron trades. To give a description of the constituent parts of the borough would be to write a history of South Shropshire. The polling district of Much Wenlock includes secluded villages in Apedale, nine miles distant, whence comes an array of agricultural labourers whose political opinions are not much unlike those of Wilfred Osbaldistone, who, it will be recollected, fell at Proud Preston fighting with great bravery, though he was never able exactly to understand the cause of the quarrel, and did not uniformly remember on which King's side he was engaged. From Apedale the canvasser will make his way to the more outlying parts of the borough across Wenlock Edge, a long range of hills which runs from Buildwas in a south-westerly direction, a distance of over fifteen miles. Few districts were wilder than this fifty years ago, and crags project from its terrace where ravens not long since built their nests. There is little in the brushwood which clothes its banks to recall its existence as part of the Long Forest, though here and there an oak remains to attest its former magnificence. We know hardly any view in England of so great beauty and interest as that from any point along the northern extremity of Wenlock Edge. On the north is the Wrekin, which, in spite of its conical and unimpressive outline, possesses a kind of literary sentiment and personal attraction which many a hill that is far higher is quite without. To the west, Shrewsbury, "inlaid" by the Severn, is seen, and beyond the far range of Welsh

hills, running up behind Chirk into Flintshire. A little to the left are the lovely slopes of Acton Burnell Park, and in the distance Loton, at the foot of the Breidden; while to the south lies the valley of Apedale, sheltered by hills known best to Drayton and Sir Roderick Murchison, and sadly neglected during the interval which elapsed between these two writers. On the east, some ten miles distant, are those "loving twins" the Clees—the higher of the two, the Brown Clee, rising to a height of more than eighteen hundred feet. On its northern slope is situated the village of Ditton Priors, recently made a polling district, and including for that purpose the villages of Stoke St. Milborough and Monkhoppton. Here are goodly fellowships of farmers, influenced more by personal than political considerations, to whom a change of temperature is more important than the fall of Cabinets, and whose mode of life has not been materially altered by the Irish Bills of '70 and '71. Nature never intended that the slopes of the Brown Clee should enjoy the blessings of the franchise. Beautiful as are the gullies and ravines which separate farm from farm, they are serious obstacles in the way of canvassing. The tenants are never at home, and are probably pointed out to the candidate ploughing in some field a mile off, to which there is no road, and between which and himself flow beds of various sizes over which there are no bridges. There are, however, two hundred voters in the polling district, who, we imagine, could hardly communicate with one another or the outside world by means of the Post Office under a week, and to whom therefore the fact of the existence of a contest should be made known orally. With the remaining polling districts the public is probably more conversant. Broseley, Madeley, Ironbridge, and Coalbrookdale are all centres of some commercial activity. Three of these have their attendant hamlets, and Coalbrookdale has Little Wenlock attached to it, a village which does not require its prefix to add to its perfect obscurity. The character of the country on the left, or English, side of the Severn presents a striking difference to that which we have been describing. The banks rise rapidly and precipitously from the river, the houses are perched one above another like those in some Italian village, though, with the exception of Madeley Court, there are no buildings which date back more than a century. The population is employed in the iron works of the Dale, in mining, and in the china works at Coalport. For a distance of some three miles down the river the refuse of abandoned pits is visible on all sides, and the traveller might almost fancy that he was in an advanced outpost of the Black Country. But after Coalport is passed woods again clothe the banks, receding to some distance from the river, when Apley Terrace is reached, where the red sandstone crags and glorious timber add a special feature to one of the most beautiful of English parks.

It is in Madeley that the chief interest in politics centres. Coal and iron rapidly familiarize men with the most prominent questions of the day, and opinions of some kind or other are sure to be held with regard to them. Capital and labour here have had their disputes, which as yet the agricultural interest has been able to avoid. Political crotchets do not abound; wandering fanatics have never made the borough a base for their operations—not, we dare say, from any want of will on their part, but from a complete ignorance of its existence. The curious obscurity of the borough must not be lost sight of in discussing it, and yet, owing to the special enactments by which it has been excepted from legislation, sufficient trouble has been given to cause it to be remembered. If it only had some salient historical incident to boast of, if Charles II. would only have climbed an oak in Shirlet Forest instead of at Boscobel, all would yet be well. Men fought at Worcester, at Bridgnorth, at Craven Arms, and Shrewsbury, yet no skirmish of importance seems to have taken place in a constituency which extends over more than thirty thousand acres. No murder of peculiar atrocity has been committed, no saline spring has been discovered, and the reversal of Dr. Johnson's sweeping criticism must be trusted to time alone. With regard to the political history of the borough there is not much to be said. In the old descriptions of Parliamentary property the borough was entered as belonging to Lord Forester and Sir Watkin Wynn, the latter of whom sold his Wenlock estate in the year 1858. In the election of 1832 an attempt was made to return a Liberal; 635 electors voted; Mr. Bridges polled 307 votes, the late Mr. Milnes Gaskell received 330, General Forester obtaining 447. In 1835 Sir William Somerville contested the seat, but polled 99 votes less than Mr. Milnes Gaskell. After this no contest took place, and no change in the representation of the constituency until 1868, when Mr. Milnes Gaskell retired, and Mr. Brown obtained the vacant seat as a Liberal. In the election of last February General Forester and Mr. Brown were returned, the independent Liberal only polling some 800 votes. By the death of Lord Forester a fortnight ago, General Forester has succeeded to his brother's title, and a representative career of forty-six years has come to an end. In the absence of other data, future compilers of history might imagine that so long a tenure of power must have enabled its possessor to have influenced in no slight degree public opinion and to have left his mark upon contemporary politics. What advantages so long an insight into Parliamentary usages should give! What generalizations might be prompted by witnessing the fall of so many Governments! What might not dogged perseverance alone have effected? A sense of the shortness of life prevents many men from undertaking schemes which they cannot expect to carry into effect. If, rising year after year, General Forester had devoted himself to the attainment of any one object,

of any chimera, however wild, what might not the House of Commons have granted at the expiration of his annual motion in his forty-sixth Session? Peace, however, to General Forester's Parliamentary ashes! He belongs to other days, which we have no wish to criticize. If it was a time when a member of Parliament gave but little, little was required from him; and if men thought crudely, or ill, or not at all, they at least contentedly acquiesced in an aristocracy of speech.

We feel now that we have given as much information about Wenlock as the ill-prepared mind of the public can digest at one meal. The contest which is at present proceeding will enable the reader to continue his studies; it is one which fulfills all the conditions essential to the ideal contest. It is a fight between Whig and Tory, and belongs to pre-Reform Bill days. Lord Forester has by far the largest acreage in the borough, but Lord Wenlock stands next. The first is represented by his nephew, the latter by his son. The one will make "the consolidation of the Liberal party" his first object; the other will give a general support to the present Government. There is but one seat, there are no side issues, no elaborate computation of split votes. The lookers-on have nothing to divert their attention. We confess to a satisfaction in seeing the two largest landed proprietors fighting out a political fight. It is a relief for once to be without the ex-mayor, the provincial newspaper editor, or the tramp with his local dialect and vestry-complexioned mind. In the days when Lord Liverpool was Consul such a contest as this would have burdened the Willey and Bourton estates with a special mortgage for the occasion. Politicians of the past may indeed take comfort in the thought that Wenlock is among the few boroughs which enjoy the proud privilege of conveying voters to the poll, but, even with the happy addition of this item, the expenses of both candidates cannot exceed a few thousand pounds.

SACERDOTALISM.

IT has been observed that, if disputants would only give themselves the trouble to define their terms, more than half the controversies in the world would at once be settled, while the remainder would be seen to involve differences too fundamental to admit of adjustment. Disputes are in most cases interminable because neither party understands clearly either his opponent or himself. It is the way of boys to be inaccurate, and no blame to them; but the majority of men in some respects remain boys all their lives. Take, for instance, an argument in a debating society as to whether slavery is consistent with Christianity. Nine-tenths of the speakers will have no exact idea of what they mean by slavery, still less of what they mean by Christianity; and most of them will be almost equally vague in their use of the connecting term, "consistent." The reasoner who was brought to explain that, when he said "religion," he meant "the Church of England," was so far definite enough, but then his explanation of the underlying and not very obvious sense in which he used a word open to many other interpretations was only elicited by gradual stages, under severe pressure of Socratic cross-examination. Many of our readers will be familiar with the inimitable description of young Mr. Brown's matriculation in Dr. Newman's *Lectures on University Subjects*, which admirably illustrates our point, but is much too long to be quoted here. The habit of translation from one's own language into another, or *vice versa*, especially if it be a dead language, is perhaps one of the best correctives of this fatal inaccuracy of thought. The fact that so few Greek or Latin terms convey precisely the same meaning as their English synonyms, when they happen to have one, is in itself a salutary lesson in the careful use of words. And what is true of disputes in general is pre-eminently true of theological disputes, four-fifths of which have been declared by a high authority to consist of misunderstandings and logomachies.

There is no term to which these remarks are more strictly applicable than one which has been in everybody's mouth and on everybody's pen for the last six months or more. We mean the word "sacerdotalism." It needs but a cursory glance at the various speeches and articles in which it has figured so conspicuously to be convinced that, like the term "Ritualism," it is employed in at least half-a-dozen different senses, sometimes by the same speaker; while many of those who are so glib in their denunciations have evidently never condescended to reflect whether it has any meaning at all. It is rather less offensive and considerably more vague than the older term "priestcraft," for which it has been made to do duty in recent controversy. And, like priestcraft, it is never employed except with a more or less opprobrious intention. Of the two leading significations attached to it, and inextricably confounded in popular phraseology, everybody would disclaim the one as a description of his own views, while those who accept the other would call it by a different name. "Sacerdotalism" and "sacerdotalism" are related to each other very much in the same way as "deist" and "theist." To call a man a deist is to charge him with rejecting Revelation; to call him a theist is to assert his belief in a Personal God. The same fact is in either case alleged, but it is viewed under a different aspect. And, in like manner, those who attribute a mysterious efficacy to sacraments would probably not object to be styled sacerdotalists; but to stigmatize them as "sacerdotalists" is to fix attention exclusively on the circumstance that they ascribe that efficacy to sacraments administered by them-

selves, or by the order which they favour, if they do not personally belong to it. Often, of course, a great deal more than this is meant to be conveyed, but we are here dealing with the term in its least obnoxious application. There is therefore at best a certain unfairness about it; but an unfairness which seems to be found practically inseparable from religious controversy. To give a bad name to a dog which terrifies or offends you is rather like fighting with poisoned arrows, but the temptation generally proves irresistible. The early Christians were called "atheists"; Tories were at one period "the malignants," at another "the stupid party"; High Churchmen have had successively four or five *sobriquets*—all on various grounds more or less offensive—during the last forty years, and the latest of them is "Sacerdotalist." Perhaps it may console them to reflect that, according to the more commonly received view, the disciples were first called Christians, not by themselves, but by their opponents.

We should be loth to charge so respectable an authority as Lord Coleridge with confusion of thought, and it is certain that he is incapable of intentional unfairness. But it must be allowed that in his recent speech at Exeter he has not kept as clear as could be desired of the prevalent vagueness of phraseology on this subject. After dwelling at some length on the Public Worship Act and on Mr. Gladstone's article on Ritualism, he proceeds to observe that what is at the bottom of the controversy, and causes its tension and bitterness, is the conviction avowed on both sides that "the one great doctrine" at stake "is what may be termed the sacerdotal principle." When we first read this passage, we seemed to ourselves to be hailing the first gleam of daylight on a subject almost hopelessly obscured by words without knowledge. It would have been very interesting, whether we were eventually able to agree with him or not, to learn from a man of Lord Coleridge's eminence what, in his opinion, "the sacerdotal principle" really is. But we were doomed to speedy and complete disappointment. Without a word of explanation the speaker goes on to say that, while he himself delights in magnificent architecture and splendid ritual (which many persons think very sacerdotal) as most useful aids to devotion, he yet had rather worship in the barest possible barn and with the meanest ceremonial "without this sacerdotal principle" than in the noblest cathedral with it. Be it so, but still what is "this principle"? We are next informed that the Church of England is a legal institution, and has certain legal documents, comprised in the Prayer Book, "by which every one of its members is bound," and that no one with a fair and candid mind can doubt that in several parts of these documents "there is to be found this sacerdotal principle," by which therefore, on his own showing, Lord Coleridge must be himself bound. This looked still more perplexing; but as he refers specifically to the Ordination, Visitation, and Communion Services, we can hardly be wrong in understanding the sacerdotal principle here to mean pretty much what we just now called sacramentalism. The next sentence indeed puts this beyond a doubt, for it speaks of the "startling" language about Confession and the Eucharist used by several of the Reformers, and even by Manton, chaplain to Oliver Cromwell. He finally draws the very natural and just inference that those who take their stand on these documents, and maintain the opinions which they do maintain—meaning, if we rightly understand him, sacerdotalism—have a perfect right to do so. It would almost seem indeed to follow from what he said before that they are bound to do so. So far, if Lord Coleridge's view is not very explicitly drawn out, it is tolerably intelligible and consistent. Personally he dislikes "sacerdotalism" extremely, though he is very partial to some of its ordinary adjuncts, but it is unmistakably taught by the Prayer Book and by the most "thoroughly Protestant" of the Reformers, and therefore all who are bound by the Prayer Book have a perfect right to teach it. But then, all of a sudden, he turns round and presents the other side of the picture to our view. Anybody who can read the signs of the times must perceive that "at this time of day men will not submit to sacerdotalism from anybody whatsoever." Again no explanation of the term is vouchsafed to us, and in view of the wide influence still exercised by the Roman Catholic Church, to say nothing of the Orthodox Eastern, and the "sacerdotal" section of the English Church, this statement rather puzzled us. Nor is it very clear what the signs of the times and the spirit of the age can have to do with the truth or falsehood of sacramental doctrines. But a "closing observation" is subjoined, which does help to solve our difficulty, only by showing—that we implied just now—that Lord Coleridge has fallen into what logicians call "the fallacy of undistributed middle," using a term in one sense in his premisses and in another in his conclusion. The clergy, he tells us, have, and deserve to have, the greatest amount of influence of any class of men in the kingdom, but they will not preserve it "unless they cease to grasp at power, for power is one thing and influence is something totally different." From which we are compelled to infer that sacerdotalism here means grasping at power. No doubt the present age is very little disposed to listen to the pretensions of Hildebrand, but sacerdotalism of that kind "is something totally different," to adopt Lord Coleridge's phrase, from the sacerdotalism taught in the Prayer Book, and he need hardly retire to worship in a barn in order to escape its inroads. It is this equivocal use of what may be called burning words—words which are potent to fan the religious passions of the multitude into a flame—that we deprecate. And we complain of it the more in a speaker of the high distinction and well-deserved influence of Lord Coleridge; though we were not at all surprised to

find the *Times* reckoning it a chief merit of his speech that "he does not attempt to define the meaning of the term." Nor can it be said that the various correspondents of the *Times* who have commented on this speech have done very much to enlighten us. There is a vagueness about Mr. Llewelyn Davies's oracular statement that sacerdotalism is "not a theory but a habit of mind"—namely, "the habit of substituting the visible for the invisible, the audible for the inaudible, the carnal for the spiritual." Still less can be learnt from Mr. Voysey's passionate appeal to the "abhorrence" of Englishmen for "Ritualism, Romanism, Priestcraft, and Sacerdotalism." And Mr. Blomfield's more precise definition of "the essence of the theory," which he explains to be "that the earthly minister is a mediator between God and man, without whose intervention man cannot be saved," labours under the grave practical disadvantage of enunciating a "theory" which no sane man dreams of maintaining.

There is of course one, and only one, plausible reply to these remarks. Sacerdotalism, it may be argued, whether taken in the sense of sacramental belief, or in the broader sense of priestcraft—that is, lust of priestly power—is simply the same idea viewed under different aspects; sacramental doctrine is maintained, as it was first invented, for the exaltation of a priestly caste, and those who believe, or affect to believe, in the one are sure to be aiming at the other. There are many persons ignorant or malicious enough to say all this, and there are a great many more only too ready to believe them. The answer is very simple, and is happily quite independent of the theological bearings of the controversy. Sacerdotalism in its Hildebrandine sense, which in modern parlance would be more appropriately designated Ultramontanism, has, or certainly had, its good side; and impartial students of history will probably acquiesce in the conclusion arrived at by leading critics of very opposite schools, that, in the long and complicated mediæval struggle between the *Sacerdotium* and the *Imperium*, the former was on the whole more largely and more often in the right. But the social and political conditions of our own day are totally different, and those claims of mediæval sacerdotalism are manifestly out of date. Not so however sacramentalism, which, whatever may be its theological merits or demerits, must obviously be just as true or just as untrue in one age as in another. It has nothing to do with that particular aspect of the Church of Rome, touched upon in the paragraph of Mr. Gladstone's recent article, which has kindled Catholic Ireland into a blaze; indeed it has no exclusive connexion with the Church of Rome at all. Sacerdotalism in this sense is at least as rigidly maintained by the Orthodox Eastern Church, and the various Nestorian and other heterodox bodies which have broken off from it—such as that, whichever it be, presided over by the "Patriarch of Antioch" who occupied so prominent a place at the Brighton Church Congress—as by the Roman Church herself. It is equally maintained by the Irvingites, and we believe by the Moravians. Yet none of these communities are usually reproached with hierarchical ambition, or supposed to excite the sort of hostile and suspicious feeling to which Lord Coleridge ascribes the passing of the Public Worship Act. We end therefore, as we began, with insisting that the word sacerdotalism, like other "isms" freely bandied about in controversy, requires to be more accurately defined. And we will add that, while in this, as in many other cases, more accurate definition might go far to bring the controversy to a close, until some fixed sense of the term is generally agreed upon, the sooner it is banished from polemical use the better.

TREVES.

AN observant traveller is always finding fresh occasion to ask himself why everybody goes to one place and nobody goes to another which he finds far more interesting; and nothing is more likely to occasion such a question than a visit to Trèves. Few places can have more striking historical associations; for it is the oldest city in Germany and was once the greatest city in Gaul; it is full of superb remains of its Roman grandeur; it lies in a charmingly pretty country, with all sorts of delightful walks and excursions hard by. Yet nobody goes to it. If our countrymen are in a hurry to reach their beloved Alps, they go straight by Dijon to Geneva, Basle, or Neuchâtel; if they are newfangled tourists, who desire to fulfil all the righteousness of a tourist, they ascend the Rhine from Bonn in a crowded steambot. Some few have of late years taken the route of the Great Luxembourg Railway, *via* Luxembourg and Saarbrücken, but, as Trèves lies a mile or two off this line, they do not see it; and scarcely any one thinks of turning aside to examine the oldest, and in some respects still the grandest, of the Rhineland cities. Still less, of course, do Americans resort thither; and though the proportion of native German visitors is larger, it is much smaller than one would have been prepared to expect, for the modern German's holiday is almost always taken at a Bad, or, if not, then in the Alps or Welschland; and he has not much more interest in the antiquities of his country than the average Englishman.

By way of excuse for such ignorance in this instance, it must be admitted that Trèves has now for a long time allowed herself to be forgotten by the active world. She fell out of the line of great and powerful cities earlier than most of those Roman towns which have continued to be cities at all. Lyons and Bordeaux, however inferior now to Paris, did not yield to her till the end of the middle ages, and have grown absolutely, if they have declined

relatively. The stately Vindonissa, on the other hand, has perished utterly; and the other Roman Rhine towns, such as Coblenz, Strasburg, and Basle, were not really considerable until well down in the middle ages. Trèves, however, never fully recovered from the Germanic invasions of the fifth century; or rather perhaps we ought to say that, when she was fast recovering, rival cities arose whose more fortunate position enabled them to outstrip her in the race. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries trade began to revive, and the Rhine was of course its great highway, as rivers must necessarily be in an unsettled state of society. Now Trèves lay too far from the Rhine to benefit by the commerce that flowed along it as did Strasburg, Worms, Mentz, and Cologne; while her own Moselle, which was not only a much less easily navigable stream, but, so to speak, led nowhere, was not fitted to become a commercial route. Trèves moreover never managed to grow into a self-governing municipal community, like so many other West German sisters. Ever since the departure of the Emperor and his lieutenants, the greatest man in the city was the Bishop; and by the twelfth century he had become far too potent to be restrained by the strength of the commonalty. The same thing, to be sure, happened in Mentz and Cologne. But Mentz and Cologne lay upon the great river, in the main track of commerce; and though the former city could never succeed in throwing off the yoke of the Bishop, while the latter had eventually to submit to him, the greatness of neither seriously suffered. Mentz indeed, as the ecclesiastical capital of all Germany, was probably greater even as the patrimony of a prelate than she would have been had she remained the centre of the league of the free cities of Western Germany, while Cologne drew almost as much gain from those who flocked to her sacred shrines as from the merchant ships that thronged the Rhine wharfs. Never since the days of Constantine and Julian has Trèves had an historical part to play comparable to that of the two other great archiepiscopal seats; and even in the long line of her prelates we find no names to compare with some of those which they furnish—no saint like Boniface, no statesman like Anno. Nevertheless it was only to Mentz that Trèves yielded precedence; and the title which her Bishop bore, of Archchancellor of Gaul and the kingdom of Arles, recalled down till the Peace of Luneville the days when she had been the residence of the heads of the world, the proudest seat of power on this side of the Alps. As an ecclesiastical city, the capital not only of an ecclesiastical province, but in later days of a large and wealthy principality, Trèves was from the fourteenth to the eighteenth century a place of consequence; yet even this was waning before the fatal blow came; for in 1786 Clement Wenceslas, the last Elector Archbishop, removed his residence to Coblenz. Eight years later came the French revolutionary soldiers with fire and destruction in their train; the Elector disappeared with his brethren west of the Rhine in the new arrangements of the Peace of Luneville, and Trèves was reduced to the *chef lieu* of the department of the Saar; until in 1815 the flood finally receded, and the treaties of Vienna added her and the surrounding territory to the Prussian kingdom. The Electorate of course no one dreamt of restoring; there was no longer a King of the Romans to be elected, and ecclesiastical potentates had been found unsatisfactory in both their capacities. But the archiepiscopal chair might at any rate have been set up again, and the historical associations of the cradle of Teutonic Christianity respected. Practical convenience was, however, suffered to prevail, and when even the primatial see of Mentz was degraded to a simple bishopric, Trèves could scarcely expect to receive better treatment. It is now a fairly prosperous, quiet, old-fashioned town of 22,000 souls, with a body of Roman remains far more numerous and varied, if not individually more striking, than any other place north of the Alps can show.

Of these the largest and best preserved is the famous Porta Nigra, a splendid double city gate, surmounted by towers, which, after having been turned into a church, and so used for eight centuries, was restored to its original purpose by the Prussian Government soon after they became masters of Trèves. One may remark in passing that they have shown a great deal of taste and judgment, as well as of antiquarian interest, in their dealings with the city buildings. It is a noble piece of work in every way; its great scale, contrasting strangely with the houses from among which it rises, is the best witness to the majesty of the capital of Gaul in the second century. Certainly none of the present gates of Rome or any Italian or French city is equally imposing; even those of Carcassonne, though not less beautiful, are at any rate less massive. Most of the cathedral is Roman, and, according to tradition, the work of Constantine the Great; and although it cannot be called a beautiful building, the great variety of its styles, and the curious way in which each one is superinduced upon that which had preceded, make it extremely interesting to the student of architecture. Then there are Roman baths; a Roman amphitheatre, less perfectly preserved than those of Arles and Verona, yet whose parts are still all easily recognizable; a basilica which has now been restored into a majestic church, too large for the scanty Protestant flock that uses it; and many other fragments of Roman work scattered here and there in and round the city. More remarkable than any of these is one which lies about four miles off in the direction of Luxembourg. This is the famous Igel Säule, or, as the country folk call it, the Tower of the Heathen (*Heidenturm*), a monumental column, 71 feet high, of elegant design, and covered with spirited bas-reliefs. The passion of the Romans for size, solidity, and pomp in their monuments to the dead is hardly more strikingly illustrated by the tomb of Cæcilia Metella or the pyramid of

Caius Cestius than by this tall and graceful pillar, which has stood for seventeen hundred years to commemorate the unknown parents of two wealthy citizens of Augusta Trevirorum.

Although the Roman buildings are the great glory of Trèves, it is not without other attractions, and might be commended to a leisurely traveller as a pleasant place to spend a week or even a longer time in. There is the same sort of air of dignified repose and old-fashioned respectability about it which one knows so well in some of the cathedral cities of England; and, as here there is really a past to repose upon, this air is more elevated and impressive than in any of them. The country round is extremely pretty in a quiet sort of way. The Moselle, not blue, indeed, but yet by no means so dirty as the Rhine, flows in an open, well-cultivated valley, hills of sandstone enclosing it on either side, whose tops occasionally rise into picturesque ranges of miniature crags; and upon one of these immediately over against the city a statue of the Virgin has been lately erected by a bishop (the same, we believe, as he who discovered the Holy Coat), and, the neverfailing Restauration and Bierlokal having sprung up hard by, it has become a favourite place of resort for citizens and strangers. Although the height is not great, being some 300 or 400 feet only above the river, the view is extensive and singularly beautiful, what with the striking old town below and the warm tint which the prevalence of red sandstone rock gives to the whole landscape. A little below Trèves begins the finest part of the Moselle scenery, which well deserves to be enjoyed more deliberately than one can enjoy it in passing swiftly down to Coblenz by steamer. To our mind it is superior to that of the Rhine, though this is a point on which tastes naturally differ very widely. The stream is of course by no means so large and strong; instead of towns, one has only villages, and by no means such a wealth of castles, ruined and other, as line the shore of the more famous river. But the Moselle scenery is the more gracious and softer in lines and tints; the hills are better wooded, the rocks less stern; the whole effect is, in the strict sense of the term, more picturesque, and reminds one frequently of that most picturesque of rivers, our own English, or Welsh, Wye. And it is no small additional source of pleasure that one can admire the beauties of the Moselle, like those of the Wye, at one's ease, instead of in the midst of a jostling crowd. North-east of Trèves, and all along the north-western bank of the river, lies an extremely pretty country, into which one may make pleasant little excursions; and if there is time to lengthen them, one may pass on into the Eifel region, with its extinct volcanoes and wood-embosomed lakelets filling old craters, one of the most primitive and least visited parts of Germany.

THE PARIS STAGE.

IN the early part of October, when the theatres of London are in the full swing of a new season, little change is generally observed in those of Paris. The true Parisian public does not return until the middle or end of the month, and the provincials who flock to the capital at its beginning are well enough satisfied with the old pieces, which to them are new. As, however, at the best theatres of Paris as much care is bestowed by the actors upon an old as upon a new piece, it is the part of the house in front of the footlights which suffers most from this state of things. As a general rule the audience at the Français is as good a model to spectators as its plays are to actors. It would be difficult to find in London a worse audience than some of those which have filled the Français during the last two or three weeks. It is perhaps due to the presence of the provincial element that at a very different theatre from the Français, the Folies Dramatiques, the unceasing *Fille de Mme. Angot* is going on with apparently as much popularity as attended it exactly a year ago. Another piece which is enjoying a long run is M. Offenbach's *Orphée aux Enfers* at M. Offenbach's theatre, the Gaité. This is probably due rather to the magnificence of the spectacle than the merit of the acting or of the well-known music, to which, however, considerable additions have been made. One whole act has been supplied under the title of "Le Royaume de Neptune." This act has nothing to do with whatever movement or plot there is in the piece, and merely serves as an excuse for scenery, costumes, and ballets. It must be said that, from the point of view of gratification to the eye, the end in this case justifies the means, and the success of the whole piece as a spectacle is well deserved. The beauty of the scenery, the costumes, and the grouping is great, and the effects are arranged with that touch of graceful imagination which is wanting in entertainments of the same class in England.

Considerable interest has attached to the farewell performances of Mlle. Delaporte at the Gymnase before her departure for St. Petersburg. For these performances MM. Gondinet and Deslandes's comedy of *Gilberte* was selected. It is perhaps needless to say that the motive of the piece is that which seems inextricably associated in the minds of modern French playwrights with the name of comedy. The play belongs to the school in which M. Alexandre Dumas *filis* has long been pre-eminent. The name of the founder of this particular school rests in a happy obscurity. It is a curious reflection that the first impetus to what may be termed the criminal domestic drama, now so popular in France, was given by German influences. The species of play of which Canning's *Rovers* is so admirable a parody set the fashion of making the Seventh Commandment the mainstay of the drama. The fashion spread to England, where it has happily gone out, and

to France, where it has not. *Gilberte* has this advantage over most of the younger M. Dumas's plays, that there are one or two reputable people in it, and that the heroine's is a fine character. M. Dumas seems to delight in making the Devil even blacker than he is painted; all his characters either lead or have been leading a vicious life; if there is one among them, such as Ollivier in *Le Demi Monde*, with something like high aspirations and noble impulses, he is straightway forced into a position which obliges him to choose between two evil courses. Never is a fine character or action represented without some attendant circumstance which blackens its purity. The consequence of the mean view of life thus taken by the author is that his plays are imbued with a dry and sombre quality for which not all the brilliancy of his wit and ingenuity of his construction can atone. Throughout all his cleverly contrived acts there is never a touch of poetry or imagination to relieve the ignoble nature of the scenes represented. In *Gilberte*, as has been said, all is not ignoble. The play opens with the heroine's refusal to marry the man whom she loves, and whose union with her her mother ardently desires, because she has discovered that upon her marriage all her mother's fortune will pass to her. The scene in which she refuses the Count de Guerches, while unable to assign any reason to her mother except an unreasonable resolution not to marry, was given with pathos and truth by Mlle. Delaporte. In an interview with the Count himself she explains her real motive, and he devises an arrangement by which the legal conditions of her marriage can be concealed from her mother. As the Count and Gilberte have been happily married for some months at the opening of the second act, it follows that some event must arrive to disturb their happiness. In accordance with precedent this event takes the shape of a former mistress of the Count, to whom Gilberte believes him to be still attached. The catastrophe of this act is well imagined, and Gilberte's exclamation, "Elle était sa maîtresse," upon which the curtain falls, was forcibly rendered by Mlle. Delaporte. The two remaining acts are occupied by the development and happy settlement of the principal intrigue, and the somewhat farcical comedy of a clever underplot. Mlle. Delaporte is an actress whose merit seems to lie in the portrayal of pathos and passion suppressed by the exigencies of society; and in a certain freshness and grace which belong to her speech and gestures. She has one great fault, which is the frequent repetition of the same action. The authors may be blamed for making Gilberte continually fall into her mother's arms or on to a sofa and burst into tears. A greater artist than Mlle. Delaporte, such an artist as Mme. Pasca, for example, would have known how to triumph over this difficulty. Mlle. Delaporte in these situations makes one forget the character and remember the actress. Other characters in the play were well filled by M. Andrieu as a frivolous man of fashion, and M. Ravel as a juvenile old man. M. Lesueur, who sustained a character of some importance, has certainly not improved his style in comedy by the departure which he made some time ago to extravagance. One clever effect in the piece was due to a mute personage represented by M. Martin. He attends a reception where he knows nobody and nobody knows him. He sits for some few minutes without speaking a word, then stealthily looking at his watch, makes his bow, and goes out. The scene was played with just that touch of exaggeration which is necessary to make an embarrassing situation amusing upon the stage. *Gilberte* was preceded by a one-act piece of M. Gondinet's called *Les Révoltées*, which still holds its place in the bill. It is neatly constructed and written, and is further worthy of attention from the clever and delicate acting of Mlle. Legault in the principal character.

Notwithstanding the merits of *Gilberte*, it is pleasant to turn from the disagreeable and unimaginative atmosphere of drawing-room vice to the grace and poetry of Mignon as interpreted by Mme. Galli-Marié at the Opéra Comique. The character makes great demands upon the resources of the actress, which she seems more than able to satisfy. Mme. Galli-Marié has that rare power which carries the hearer and spectator away with her own emotion, prevents him from perceiving, except by the after-light of reflection, the disadvantages of figure with which she has to contend, and causes him to see her so long as she is upon the stage only in the likeness of Mignon. The changes of the character which are worked out in *Wilhelm Meister* become necessarily somewhat sudden when they are compressed into a three-act opera. This defect also the power of the actress conceals. The ingenious manner in which MM. Carré and Barbier have arranged the story of *Mignon* as a lyric drama is already known to the London public. The dialogue, for which, in obedience to the somewhat senseless law of Italian opera, recitative has been substituted in England, is worthy of praise. It is lightly and gracefully written, and seems to bear just the right proportion to the music. The most remarkable scenes of Mme. Galli-Marié's acting are perhaps that in which she adorns herself with Philina's paints and dresses, and the following one, wherein she pronounces a malediction upon the theatre which is the scene of her rival's triumphs. In the first of these scenes Mme. Galli-Marié's timidity and hopeless jealousy are full of true pathos, while her childlike gaiety at seeing herself rouged and powdered is irresistibly infectious, and has also that pathetic ring which a child's laughter always possesses. In the second scene the child's nature has disappeared before the woman's hatred, in which the barbaric element born of a wandering life comes out. So intense is her passion that one almost expects to see her invocation compel an answer. The tenderness of the last act is rendered with quite as much truth as the fierce emotion of the second, but the scene is the worst constructed in the opera, and ends with

the mistake of an anti-climax. The opera is well mounted and well played throughout, and the beauty of Mme. Galli-Marié's singing gives an importance to the music which it would otherwise hardly possess.

Pending the production of *Le Demi Monde*, which is to take place towards the end of the month, the Français relies mainly upon the revival of old pieces. *Tabarin* is, it is true, a play which was produced for the first time not long ago; but *Tabarin* is not strong enough to form an attraction by itself. It is ill constructed and not very well written, and M. Coquelin's performance of the chief part has certainly not been more than a success of esteem. An actor of peculiar talents and great force is required to render adequately the alternations of real passion with assumed buffoonery upon which the interest depends. Such an actor as Frédéric Lemaître might have made the play very impressive. M. Coquelin has not succeeded in doing this. The comic passages are admirably interpreted, as one would expect, but the actor has to struggle with the disadvantage of their comedy being somewhat heavy. To the success of the passionate scenes in M. Coquelin's hands there is only one thing wanting; but that one thing, real passion, is of considerable importance. The part is given throughout with cleverness and perception; the spectator feels all the time that the artist knows very well what he is about. This is the one thing which the artist should make him forget. There is one passage in which M. Coquelin displays real feeling. *Tabarin* is on the mimic stage, delighting the audience with his extravagant farce, when the news reaches him that his wife's desertion in the play has been turned by her into earnest. As his horror at the news fits into the plot of the piece, the audience, imagining it to be assumed, applaud him more at every burst of grief. Carried away by his feelings he assures them in vain that he is not acting, and begs them to let him leave the stage and start in pursuit of his wife. On their refusal he bursts into a vehement invective against them, mixed with contempt for himself as the creature of their caprice. "Voulez-vous me voir rire?" he cries, and follows the question with an hysterical laugh. In this scene only does M. Coquelin seem to lose his own identity and enter into that of *Tabarin*. On the whole, M. Coquelin's performance in this play has proved with tolerable certainty that he could never succeed in playing *Triboulet*, of which there has at times been some talk.

The play most frequently represented at the Théâtre Français lately has been Scribe's comedy *Une Chaine*. The plot has something of the disagreeable character which we have spoken of before; a young musician is as anxious as all his friends are that he should marry his cousin; and there is the inevitable mistress in the background. This idea was probably not so well worn in the time of Scribe as it is nowadays. It must be remembered also that Scribe was very far from confining himself solely to that idea in the construction of his plots. The tone of *Une Chaine* is very different from that of the more modern plays which depend upon the same kind of plot. There are none of the ardent love passages between the hero and the woman whom he ought not to love which abound in the plays of to-day, none of the morbid analysis of illicit passion, none of the mis-called morality which many people have been so anxious to hear upon the English stage. As the title of the piece would indicate, the chain which binds the young man to his past life is felt and described by him throughout as a chain which is heavy to bear:

Cette position si délicate [he says, describing his situation to a friend], si enivrante, vous apparaît peu à peu telle qu'elle est, une position fautive, terrible, dangereuse! Vivre dans une dissimulation et un mensonge continuel, veiller sans cesse sur ses démarches, ses discours, ses regards, n'oser avouer à personne son bonheur ou ses peines, porter le trouble dans un ménage, tromper un galant homme qui vous tend la main, qui souvent même vous accable de son amitié, voilà votre existence de chaque jour. Et si dans un moment de dépit, de honte, de remords, on se sent le courage d'abdiquer un bonheur qui vous rend si malheureux, si on se surprend à désirer une vie moins pleine d'émotions. . . . alors seulement on s'aperçoit qu'on n'est plus maître de son avenir; et quelques séduisants que soient les liens qui vous retiennent ou vous enlacent, des chaînes de fleurs sont toujours des chaînes!

This speech is delivered by M. Pierre Berton, who has certainly not improved since last year when we spoke of his first appearances at the Français. He appears clumsy and ill at ease upon the stage, and seems unable to manage either his voice or his action. Before he enlisted in the ranks of the Comédie Française he was considered an actor of great promise, or rather of great performance, since he was even spoken of as second only to Delaunay in the heroes of comedy. In many cases besides that of M. Pierre Berton it has been experienced that the perspective, so to speak, of the Français stage has made a wonderful difference in the effect produced by actors from other theatres. Herein is one of the advantages afforded by the existence of a high standard. So long as there is nothing better wherewith to compare that which is moderately good, it may pass for excellent. It is upon Mlle. Favart, Mlle. Reichemberg, and M. Coquelin, so far as acting is concerned, that the success of *Une Chaine* chiefly depends. It would be difficult to point to a better representation of pretty girlish innocence and confidence than that given by Mlle. Reichemberg in the character of Aline. M. Coquelin plays Balandard, a simple-minded *avoué*, the intimate friend of the hero, to whose intrigues he looks up with awed admiration and some touch of envy. He is continually finding himself involved in some way in these intrigues against his will, and arriving at critical moments as a kind of unconscious *Deus ex machina*, who is employed by all the people in the piece to extricate them from their difficulties. The intricacies of the plot are managed

with a skill and probability in which few writers have equalled Scribe, and the ludicrous situations in which Balandard is constantly placed form a happy setting for the more serious interest. M. Coquelin's Balandard is as comic as possible; but his rendering of the character is not altogether satisfactory. M. Regnier, under whom M. Coquelin studied, played the part many years ago, and, while he did full justice to the humour of the *avoué's* embarrassments, he conveyed the idea that he was a gentleman, as a high-class *avoué* should be, although a man who had not mixed in society. This idea M. Coquelin does not suggest. He displays the tendency to exaggeration, to Palais Royal buffoonery, which is his besetting sin. For the moment the spectator is carried away by the actor's comic power, but it is matter of wonder to him afterwards that the great personages of the piece should have taken much interest in so unrepresentable a being as M. Balandard. Mlle. Favart, as Louise, the wife of M. de Saint-Géran, and the mistress of Emmeric, the young man, displays a good deal of the power which the great M. Sarcy has announced that she has lost. It is true that the actress's fault of extreme slowness in speech has gained upon her, but there is much truth in her representation, and the final scene, in which she renounces all claim upon Emmeric, recalls her best performances. M. Febvre, who plays Saint-Géran, M. Bressant's old part, is the only actor now in the company of the Comédie Française who has anything like M. Bressant's dignified and impressive presence. His performance would be admirable if it were possible to hear more than half of what he says. M. Got does not seem to bring his full resources to bear upon the rather thankless part of Clérambeau, Aline's father.

In consequence of the preparations for the production of *Le Demi Monde*, M. Delaunay, the most brilliant artist of the Théâtre Français, has only appeared once during the last three weeks. That appearance was made in one of the very best of his lighter parts, that of Valentin in Alfred de Musset's proverb, *Il ne faut jurer de rien*. This piece is well known to London playgoers by the representations of the Comédie Française during its visit to England. M. Delaunay's performance appears more gay, more spontaneous, more impassioned than ever. It is with a rare skill that the actor brings out the good heart of Valentin underlying his cynical theories. The inimitable humour and drollery of M. Got's Abbé seems also to gain by the progress of time. M. Thiron plays the part of Van Buck, filled in London by M. Barré, and plays it with greater delicacy and finish. Mlle. Reichemberg appears in the character of Cécile, which was played by Mme. Lafontaine as long as she was a member of the Théâtre Français. The younger actress has all the freshness and innocence which belonged to Mme. Lafontaine's performance, and has besides a distinction which was always wanting in Mme. Lafontaine. The only other late event of importance at the Français has been the reproduction of Voltaire's *Zaïre*, with M. Mounet-Sully as Orosmane and Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt as Zaïre. M. Mounet-Sully has all the merits, but he has also all the faults, which he had a year ago. He has not yet learnt how to turn his great natural advantages to the best account. He has fine bursts of passion, but they are only bursts. There is no gradation in his emotions. He is "too rash, too unadvised, too sudden." His gestures and facial expressions are extravagant. The Voltairian Othello is a person of so violent a character that any exaggeration in the part becomes dangerous. It seems also as if M. Mounet-Sully had not yet arrived at the right method of conveying his passion to his audience. One feels that the emotion is there, but has not succeeded in finding the outlet by which it may be transmitted to those who do not share it. In criticizing M. Mounet-Sully's Orosmane it may be well to remember that almost exactly the same faults were found with Talma's first appearances in the same character. With Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt's Zaïre it would not be easy to find much fault. It is graceful, tender, and impassioned, and adds to the artist's well-deserved reputation. M. Pierre Berton's Nérestan is perhaps the worst thing that M. Pierre Berton has done.

The opera has been chiefly distinguished by the success of Mme. Patti's first appearance in Paris both in French and in tragic opera, in the trying character of Valentin in the *Huguenots*. The preparation of the new Opera House is going on rapidly. Till a short time ago the designs for its decoration by M. Baudry were exhibited at the Musée des Beaux-Arts. It is difficult to judge of paintings which are destined for a curved when they are seen upon a flat surface, but it may be safely predicted that they will be effective. One or two groups and figures would be remarkable for their strength and beauty among any class of paintings.

LIFE IN SPAIN.

MR. BUCKLE may have been justified in defining the Spanish Peninsula as a torpid mass, but it is certain that society in many of its provinces finds life at this moment by no means unexciting. The Spanish people generally are selfishly indifferent to their neighbours' troubles, owing partly to the stolid ignorance which knows of nothing that goes on beyond the limits of its own narrow horizon, partly to the fact that Spain is practically a federation of kingdoms cherishing the old international jealousies. So long as the shepherd of Estremadura, the ploughman of the plains of La Mancha, or the vine-dresser of Andalusia is not drawn for the levies which are continually being decreed by the authorities, he

scarcely cares to inform himself of the condition of the Northern provinces; while to the mobs of place-seekers who go to make up the intelligence of the capital all news that creates temporary excitement. The loungers of the Puerto del Sol are thoroughly well informed as to everything that has never happened and never will happen, and they discuss the flying rumours of each passing day as if it were some Spanish Republic in Southern America that was being convulsed by the civil war. But the troubles of Spain are fast extending their area and ramifications as they grow more intense and inveterate at the centres from which they originally started. They are no longer little wars of brigands in the mountains of Navarre and the Biscayan provinces. They are breaking out and spreading in almost every district where there are natural fastnesses commanding the flats—and Spain is the country of sierras. The communications between the interior and the chief seaports on the Northern and Eastern coasts are threatened, and the capital itself may any day awaken to find itself deprived of those *canards* from foreign Courts which are the delight of its feverish existence. The rails have already been dragged up by sections more than once on the lines that link Madrid with Valencia and Alicante; and, when the French and English Ministers travelled southwards to their posts from Santander, their safety had to be ensured by special escort. Englishmen who are used to the anxious guardianship of their police, their law courts, and their Legislature must necessarily be slow to realize the conditions of a Spaniard's existence. We go into paroxysms of alarm over a few cases of garroting in the suburbs of London, and agitate ourselves for weeks over the failure of the detectives to get upon the traces of some brutally commonplace murderer. We growl and combine and get up petitions against the addition of an extra penny to our rates. But over a great part of Spain, drumhead trials, murders, and military massacres are matters of everyday occurrence; no man can count upon his liberty for a day, or can call his property his own; commerce is paralysed, and capital is scared away or lies idle; the open towns and villages are occupied in turn by the contending factions; and more than one fortified place is in course of slow starvation, with the probable contingency of sack should treachery hand it over to the enemy.

The inhabitants of the districts that favour the Carlists are suffering the most severely, as perhaps they deserve to do. It was they who originated the present troubles, although most of them probably were but languidly "loyal," and were drawn on to commit themselves to the struggle by a lawless and desperate minority. A correspondent of the *Independence Belge* points out that it was the Contrabandistas of the Pyrenees and the seaboard who first rallied to the banner of Don Carlos when he crossed the frontier with his escort of fifty followers. Reckless men who get their living by fishing in troubled waters naturally calculated that civil war would pay them, as it very likely may have done. They have always been the "King's" most trustworthy troops; consequently they have given the tone to the warfare. As the writer in the *Independence* says, Carlos began a war of Contrabandistas, and now, in spite of himself, he is at the head of a war of brigands. But, though individuals may have served their selfish ends and made their profit, even the Carlist places that have been continuously in Carlist occupation cannot have come off cheaply. Irregular levies have swelled into formidable armies—formidable, at all events, so far as numbers are concerned—and they must be fed and clothed in some fashion. Razzias on the districts which are either avowedly hostile, or would be neutral if they dared, no longer suffice to support them. The King or his representatives issue their commands; the curé of the parish preaches the sacred duty of anticipating the contributions that are to restore the Monarchy and re-establish the supremacy of the Church; and the bigoted and loyal people have been paying more or less cheerfully. But it is not in human nature to have even the holiest of causes so nearly at heart as to be content to sacrifice to it the whole of your substance, to say nothing of every able-bodied male in your family, while the ultimate triumph of the cause still seems remote and doubtful. Those Carlists, however, who live within the limits of their friends' garrisons are comparatively lucky, and it is their neighbours and countrymen on the debatable ground between Royalists and Republicans that have most reason to curse Don Carlos. There are places, once as thriving as any in Northern Spain, which now change masters regularly about once a month. Their friends requisition them almost as remorselessly as their enemies, the only difference being that the former make a pretence of paying honourably in bonds which may possibly be negotiable one day, should the side that issued them win, and succeed in balancing the deficits in the treasury. The Spaniards are by nature a provident and frugal, if not an enterprising, race, and men who used to be envied for their wealth must now rather be the objects of condolence. When it is a question of forced contributions, it is on them that the brunt of the burden falls; and when there is any difficulty about extorting the requisite contributions, it is their persons that are attached as material guarantees. Whatever may be the honours of high municipal office, there is no doubt nowadays as to its awkward responsibilities. The Alcalde prudently disappears in time if he believes that his opinions or actions have compromised him with the latest comers. By disappearing he may keep his person safe, but his house and goods are made answerable for him in the meantime, while his name is of course registered in a black list, and the record of his misdeeds will rise in evidence against him should his enemies ever have the opportunity of avenging

themselves. The inhabitants of these open places are seldom shot in cold blood, unless some influential member of the occupying force should chance to have a personal quarrel with one of them; but in fortified cities, carried by treachery or assault, the case is different. We know what atrocities were perpetrated by civilized troops when citadels like Badajoz and Ciudad Rodrigo were taken by storm in the Peninsular War; and we may conceive the scenes that are enacted in a helpless city with brigand bands broken loose in it, left to go to work in their own way, and recompense themselves for former privations and pay in arrear. When the rest of the country is groaning under the war, it might be supposed that the soldiers at any rate have no great cause to complain. But discontent is notoriously rife among the armies on both sides, and with very good reason. The Carlist partisan leaders and their brigand followers may be pleased and happy; but the Carlist army would not have grown so fast had it not been largely recruited by ruined peasants and small village tradesmen who found their occupation gone. As for the soldiers of the so-called Republic, they make no secret of detesting the service on which they are ordered. They might as well be transported on a forlorn hope to follow Cuban insurgents through tropical swamps, as be sent in inadequate numbers under a plunging fire to assault positions selected as traps by the enemy, or be left isolated and unsupported on short rations to hold ill-fortified towns on the chance of ultimate relief. Unseasoned to fire or to hardships, most of them have been taken from their fields or their trades sorely against their will, and are impatient to return to a quiet life; while the Carbineers, who are soldiers in reality as well as in name, and married men to boot, complain of being always ordered to the head of the columns because it is known they can be trusted not to run away.

As we have said, this sort of thing is no longer by any means confined to the provinces which we have been accustomed to consider as the seat of war. *Cabecillas* are beginning to make their appearance in most places where there is a sierra with a populous plain within reach of it; and the consequence is that large classes begin to suffer indirectly whose persons are beyond the reach of immediate violence. The commerce of the country languishes, as customers are everywhere impoverished, and private credit is shaken in sympathy with that of the State. Men must indeed have an assured character for solvency for their bills to pass current, or their orders to be executed unhesitatingly, in such a state of things. With Carlist partisans commanding the railways that lead to the great Eastern seaports, with spies flourishing everywhere who know who is likely to pay them if they can give valuable information, no merchant can reckon on the arrival of any consignment of goods. As for the railways themselves, the position of railway property gives the foreign shareholders every reason to sympathize with the deplorable condition of the country in which they have invested their money. Even where the lines have apparently no strategical importance the Carlists make a point of damaging them to the utmost whenever chance makes them temporary masters of the situation. Bridges are broken down and stations burned; station-masters are shot; trains full of passengers are run off the rails, and the rolling-stock smashed with the servants in charge of it. Again, many English and some Continental Companies have taken to exploring the mineral treasures of Spain, and most of their speculations, as it happens, are being conducted in the districts infested by the Carlists. All these mines are managed by Englishmen and other foreigners, who have naturally become the especial objects of Carlist assiduities. The English, in particular, are known to be rich, and it is taken for granted that their Companies are successful and wealthy. Their concessions and the guarantees which they hold come from those Liberal authorities at Madrid against whom the Carlists have proclaimed war to the death. Metals are tempting in any shape to zealous belligerents; from iron and lead up to silver and gold, they all supply the sinews of war. So the mine superintendents and other agents are surrounded by prowling hordes, who would at once spring upon them and rend them, materially defenceless as they are, were it not for the protection, such as it is, which their nationality throws over them. Threats which might shake ordinary nerves are freely employed, and although the responsible authorities may shrink from translating threats into action, a crime is soon committed, and some of the fiercer partisans are practically independent and uncontrollable. We are told that the foreign adventurers conduct their business as before, affecting an impassibility which it is quite impossible that they can feel. Their resolute bearing does credit to their Northern blood, but not the less must the strain on them be terrible; and were it only for their sakes, we should rejoice to see this baleful war brought to a conclusion.

THE CULTIVATION OF BRUTALITY.

SOME of our readers may have observed in the windows of the lower order of news-agents a large and imposing-looking broadsheet covered with vigorous but coarsely executed woodcuts. There is usually a bold and striking centre-piece, surrounded by a number of smaller pictures; and the first glance conveys the impression of a wild whirl of legs and arms in every attitude of violent contortion. On closer examination a certain monotony is discovered in the subjects of the pictures. Indeed, though there is variety in the details, the subject is almost always the

same—either a murder or some other exhibition of ferocious brutality. This accounts for the remarkable display of legs and arms, which are all supposed to be working with intense muscular activity. The force of a kick or blow is indicated by the epileptic convulsions of the person dealing it, and the equally frenzied gymnastics of the victim. There is no mistake as to the earnestness with which all this maiming and murdering is carried on; the assassins are provided with weapons of the most imposing size, bludgeons as big as paviors' rams, knives like cutlasses, and pistols that discharge as much flame and smoke as a lively howitzer; and if any blood is supposed to be shed, it is poured forth in a torrent which threatens to wash away all the actors in the scene. We are not exactly aware how long this publication has been going on, but its illustrations seem to have been becoming more powerful—that is, more horrible and revolting—during the last year or so, and it appears to command a considerable circulation among the lower classes. It is, in fact, the most conspicuous literature of the back streets and alleys, where its influence extends far beyond the circle of its readers. Its monstrous pictures make it an attractive advertisement in a window, where it is keenly studied and discussed; and in many a dingy nook a fly-blown back number is a constant source of amusement and instruction to children, who thus obtain their first impressions of life. This edifying periodical is called the *Police News*, and its object seems to be to present in a concentrated form the cream of all the horrors of each week. There are plenty of these horrors no doubt in the ordinary newspapers, but then they are mixed up with other matters which tend to divert attention, and to dissipate the high flavour of criminal news when taken by itself. The newspapers certainly give one the idea that, notwithstanding the progress of civilization, there is still a large element of primitive ferocity and inhumanity to be subdued, but, on the other hand, they afford glimpses of the higher and nobler aspects of life. The *Police News* uncompromisingly confines itself to the darkest side of human nature. We find ourselves in a world where nothing ever happens except murdering and getting murdered, kicking and being kicked, save, indeed, when the perpetual outrages and brutalities of our fellow-creatures are occasionally varied by death or torture attributable to accident or to the operations of nature. Beating, biting, kicking, strangling, stabbing, and shooting, appear to be the only occupations of society. Every week there are three large closely printed pages of crime and misery, and another page of pictorial horrors for the benefit of those who cannot read, or whose unassisted imagination fails to realize to the full extent the atrocities described in the letterpress.

We have now before us three numbers of this publication, taken at random. In one the central picture represents the Regent's Park explosion, with the bodies of the bargemen blown into the air. Next we have the Plymouth murderer cutting his wife's throat with a razor. He has seized her by the shoulder and is hacking away with the razor in an extremely vigorous manner, and apparently with a keen relish for his work. Then comes the Leicester Square murder; a man flinging a woman over the top of a stair. "An Encounter with a Mad Dog" shows a man sticking a pitchfork into a dog which is supposed to be attacking him. In "Cruelty on Board Ship" we see a merchant captain beating a sailor about the head with a huge iron bar. "A woman brutally treated" is an animated composition. The woman is on her knees, and while a ferocious hound is gnawing her hands, a man is pulling her hair and pounding her in the face with his disengaged fist. There is one picture which seems to represent a horse eating a little boy, and the heading of which—"Extraordinary Sagacity of a Horse"—rather puzzled us. It seemed to suggest that if horses were wise they would always eat little boys when they got a chance; but on turning to the letterpress we were relieved to find that the horse was only rescuing the boy from a pond. The artist, however, has given a characteristic air of atrocity to this simple incident. In a picture of an encounter at sea with a monster cuttle-fish he indulges his vivid imagination to the utmost. Probably, common murders and killings had been growing stale, and it was thought desirable to give a whet to the popular appetite. The cuttle-fish is about the size of an elephant, and embraces the boat with his enormous suckers, which resemble bloated boa-constrictors. The diabolical fury of his countenance is powerfully rendered. The accident at Thorpe is of course duly turned to account, and we have also a highly realistic picture of the murder of Captain Bird at Aldershot; after this a fight between a dog and a snake, and an elephant throwing a little boy up in the air, are rather tame. With a keen appreciation of the tastes of his readers, the editor has apparently persuaded his artist to impart to the countenances of the various persons in the picture representing Lord Rivers and Dr. Kenealy visiting Orton in prison an air of gloomy ferocity which shall make them look as like murderers as possible. Another number contains pictures of a man being guillotined, a murderous attack on a wife, two drownings, and a boy being worried by a wolf. What we have said will perhaps convey a sufficient idea of the style of this publication. There is nothing peculiar in the literary part of it, except that it is exclusively devoted to crimes, accidents, and all sorts of unpleasant and revolting incidents. There is no attempt, however, to work these things up into fine writing. The working up is left to the artist, whose productions are evidently inspired by a genius similar to that of the writer to whom we are indebted for so many harrowing articles in the *Daily Telegraph*. He has a quick eye for everything that is horrible and disgusting, and knows how to give the necessary prominence to the most

sickening incidents of carnage and physical agony. He is aware that in such a case the delicacy of mere suggestion would be out of place, and we are therefore spared none of the details of ruffianism and butchery. It is true that, as we have hinted, there is a certain monotony both in his subjects and style of treatment, but after all this very monotony helps to make the series of pictures more impressive. Just as water wears the stone by continually dropping on the same place, so the constant repetition of the same idea, especially when simple and easily grasped, adds immensely to its influence on those upon whom it is directed. It sinks into their minds and saturates their character. The result of having habitually before one's eyes the sort of atrocities which are portrayed in the *Police News* must necessarily be to deaden the sensibilities and brutalize the instincts of those who dwell upon such thoughts, and to make them callous and indifferent to human suffering. There is nothing which tends so much to produce brutality as the familiar contemplation and enjoyment of it as a part of everyday life; and there can be little doubt that the effect of such a publication as this on rough and ignorant people must be to develop and intensify the villainous appetites to which it appeals.

It is of course much easier in such a case to point out the evil than to suggest a remedy. It is an established principle of English law that publications which can be shown to exercise an immoral influence ought to be suppressed; but though the general principle is clear, its practical application is attended with much difficulty. The exhibition or sale of indecent photographs has lately been checked by the intervention of the police; and it may be reasonably contended that pictures of the kind which are weekly published in the *Police News* are, in another way, not less demoralizing. Many reasons have been suggested to account for the recent increase of crimes of violence, and it may be safely assumed that the disorder is not specially due to any one cause, but rather to a combination of causes all operating in the same direction. A sudden and considerable rise in the material prosperity of large classes of the labouring population, combined with an exaggerated estimate on their part of their right and power to do pretty much as they please, naturally had a disturbing effect. Higher wages and shorter hours led to an enormous increase in the consumption of liquor; drinking makes people feverish, irritable, and reckless; and the disappointment which has more recently been caused by a partial reduction of wages has given a more acute form to the prevailing epidemic. The working classes have been confused and bewildered by the economical changes arising from a period of inflation followed by a relapse, and they have been spending most of their gains in the public-house. Unfortunately habits of indulgence are not always readily shaken off when the means of gratifying them have been withdrawn. It is easy to discover in these circumstances the chief source of the distemper from which a certain section of the population has been suffering. It would be extravagant to attribute to the circulation of such publications as the one of which we have been speaking, the origin of the malady; yet it may readily be believed that it has done much to intensify and spread it. Public executions have been given up because it was believed that they had a corrupting effect on the crowds which witnessed them, but the ghastly and horrible pictures of the *Police News* now supply the lower classes with a chronic excitement of an even more pernicious character. Executions, after all, do not take place very often; but here are, week by week, sensational pictures of murders, suicides, savage assaults, roughs flinging women over the stairs or out of window, dragging them about by the hair of the head, kicking, beating, jumping on them, setting dogs to worry them, roughs fighting with roughs (though this is rather an exceptional incident), and, in short, every variety of bloodshed and wild-beast brutality. Indeed even the wild beasts themselves are introduced as an additional stimulant. Every page may be said to reek like the shambles; there is always somebody having his throat cut, or his head smashed in, or his body pounded to a jelly. It is impossible to doubt the utterly evil and debasing influences of this persistent exhibition of the animal ferocity of human nature; and if the *Police News* stood alone there would probably be little hesitation in putting an end to it. The difficulty is that, though it is a bad example of a detestable kind of literature, it would perhaps scarcely be possible to touch it without laying down rules which would curtail the general freedom of journalism. It would of course be impracticable to prohibit the publication of reports of murders and other crimes of violence, and, if these things are to be reported in one class of newspapers with full license of literary colouring, it may be asked why similar license should not be allowed to pictorial art. The answer which readily suggests itself is that, in point of fact, pictures of this class, which appeal chiefly to the ignorant and uneducated, really do more harm than literature. Still there are obvious difficulties in the way of drawing a line between what is allowable in this respect and what is not, and under the cover of these difficulties such nuisances as this revolting and poisonous publication will probably continue to elude legal intervention. The only hope is that those who have any influence with the classes who have a taste for this mess of horrors will use it to discourage the indulgence of a diseased and degrading appetite, and that some more wholesome kind of literature may be provided as a substitute.

THE THEATRES.

THE Adelphi Theatre maintains its character by a piece called the *Geneva Cross*, which the playbill states, and we can quite believe, has been performed with great success in the United States. It is essentially a "loud" play, and in the last act the ranting of the actors and the roaring of the cannon seem to be playing a match against each other. The hero of the piece, Riel de Bourg, is a German of good birth who has entered himself as a common workman at a French cannon-foundry in order to perfect his knowledge of artillery. He has fallen in love with Gabrielle le Brun, his master's daughter, and is forgetting his duty to his country, when he is reminded of it by a visit from a mysterious personage who produces to him a roll of parchment with appended seals, of which he acknowledges but resolves to defy the authority. The declaration of love between the German Riel and the French girl Gabrielle is followed by the declaration of war between Germany and France. Gabrielle brandishes a toy rifle, and declaims some words about the tricolour being an oriflamme which are in every point of view nonsense. The workmen of the factory, infected by her folly, shout "A Berlin!" and perform other antics proper to those who go to war and count not the cost thereof. This performance is, we suppose, acceptable in the United States where it originated, but in England the madness which began the Franco-German war and the misery which it inflicted are subjects almost too painful for the stage. But if we could get over our distaste for the play, some amusement might be derived from observing the extreme simplicity of the method by which it obtains considerable success. The whole of the last act passes in a casemate of one of the Paris forts. The comic element, which had been up to this point deficient, is supplied by a drunken sergeant of Communistic principles. The tragic and spectacular elements are in rich abundance. "Condemned to death. The last offer. Grand tableau"—this extract from the playbill is wholly inadequate to convey any idea of the tremendous character of the performance. There is a father praying his daughter to save his life by the sacrifice of her honour, a daughter preferring death to shame, a military gaoler using power to gratify passion, and all these talking the tallest kind of talk, until, while the Prussian shells are banging and crashing outside, the fort is finally breached by a grand explosion which kills the wicked hero and admits the heroic husband, who rushes in spiked helmet and drawn sword to the rescue of his devoted wife. The explosions are frequent and furious. The wall of the fort tumbles suddenly in picturesque confusion, and soldiers in Prussian uniform clamber over the smoking ruins and pose themselves with fixed bayonets round a black and white flag to which the tricolour, notwithstanding its resemblance to the oriflamme, has had to yield. The actor who performs Riel de Bourg, the German noble disguised as a French workman, seems to us equally unlike either, but perhaps a very red wig and a very blue blouse are traditionally accepted on the stage as indicating German birth and French habitation. It deserves notice that this play is condemned for its verbiage even by critics who do not object to its action as we do. We think much of the dialogue stilted, and sometimes it is grotesque; but surely a dramatist may be allowed to fill up an evening if he can. Critics are not bound to consider a manager's difficulties; and they may recommend the application of what is called the "pruning knife" without reference to the circumstance that if this piece is finished at ten o'clock some other piece must be begun. A large part of the first act is occupied with a quarrel between Riel and the overseer of the foundry about a letter which has been brought by the postman and bears a German post-mark. The overseer proposes to open the letter on suspicion that it contains treason, and Riel says that he will knock down the overseer if he does. Ultimately the letter is opened, and is found to contain a portrait of Gabrielle, the master's daughter, which comes to Riel from a friend at Stuttgart. Perhaps, if we had listened as attentively as we ought to all the speeches that are delivered on the subject of this letter, we should be able to explain how a correspondent of Riel at Stuttgart is able to send him a likeness of a young French lady residing at Auxerre. The young lady may have gone on a visit to Stuttgart and have been photographed by an artist there, or Riel may have obtained her photograph at Auxerre, and sent it to his friend at Stuttgart to ask him whether he thought her good-looking. However, the letter which was supposed to contain treason against the French Empire really contains only the portrait of a lady, and the production of it proves no more than this, that the supposed workman has taken the liberty to fall in love with his master's daughter. We suppose that the "pruning knife," if introduced, would be applied particularly to this scene, and we are tempted to ask why to this scene more than others. When a deputy remarked that yesterday's debate in the Assembly was dull, Mirabeau retorted "Pourquoi dater?" So we say, Why particularize? This play has been performed "with great success" in America, and if it was written by an American for Americans, the author may be supposed to have understood his business. It is easy, and probably correct, to say that a play which is in four acts might have been in three. We might go further and say that it need not have been at all. However, a combination of love, patriotism, feeble fun, and explosions has constituted time out of mind an adequate Adelphi drama, and we always thought that within a limit of five hours the longer those pieces were the better people liked them. An attenuated form of amusement may be better than none at all.

The rule that horrors should be talked about, not seen, has been

observed by Mr. Byron in the "new and original comedy" which he has written for the Strand Theatre. One act out of three, of which this "comedy" consists, is occupied with a picnic near Matlock, and it may be that the consumption of lobster salad and champagne, although not in itself particularly comic, is a suitable preparation for the absurdity which follows. A young lady desires to send one of her two lovers on a climbing excursion to pick flowers from the top of a rock. One of them, who is a low-born brewer, declines to risk a life on which his country depends for its supply of pale ale. The other, who has neither business nor fortune, but only supposed high birth to recommend him, declares that he will obtain those flowers "or perish in the attempt." He goes off to perform this hazardous exploit, and the young lady and the brewer remain upon the stage and watch his progress along steep and slippery rocks overhanging a dark and unfathomable lake. They "pile up the agony" in description, until the young lady grows alarmed at the perilous performance she is witnessing, and finally persuades her second lover to go to the assistance of the first. After a brief interval No. 2 returns leading in No. 1 who has neither obtained the flowers nor perished in the attempt, but has had a fall and lamed himself just enough to make him look interesting. A coarser artist than Mr. Byron would have allowed us to see this rash young man climbing up the lofty rocks and along the profound lake, and would have made him fall down what might be an infinite vertical precipice, explaining afterwards that a bank of moss stopped his descent at ten or a dozen feet. Something of this kind frequently crops up at some theatre in October when people have returned from their holidays, and have been seeing and talking about mountains for a month or more. But managers are not usually willing to sacrifice to any supposed canons of taste the advantage to be got out of a grand spectacular and sensational display. We must allow, therefore, that Mr. Byron has shown discretion in sparing us the actual ascent of the Peak and the fall which interrupted it; but then the time which is saved from horrors is devoted simply to inspecting a hamper and consuming its contents. This play is neither better nor worse than several other "new and original comedies" by the same author which have been lately brought out. One feels perhaps a little disappointed that at the beginning of a fresh season theatrical management should fall into the old familiar groove. Mr. Byron can always produce jokes, good or bad, and almost any scene of any of his comedies will serve to bring them in. This present comedy is called *Old Sailors*. The inevitable "heavy father" is a retired naval officer who remembers Nelson, and of course there is a confidential servant dressed and talking in the regular style which the British Tar adopts on the stage. This worthy couple bring to the picnic an enormous pie, and the servant proves the consistency of the crust by rapping it with a big stick. This might do well enough in a pantomime, but is not exactly comedy. Perhaps if Mr. Byron had made the more ardent of the two lovers declare that he would eat a piece of that pie-crust or perish in the attempt, he would have excited more interest that can be felt in a mere ordinary exploit of mountaineering. This declaration would have been the more seasonable, because even the steady-going lover makes a considerable display of heroism by drinking his own beer, and none but the brave deserve the fair. We have perhaps done injustice to the author by complaining that a large part of his second act is occupied with feeding, and only the small residue with climbing. If the literature of mountaineering were examined with an unfriendly eye, it might appear to consist in an undue proportion of descriptions of breakfasts eaten before and suppers after the assaults on peaks, passes, and glaciers which are its proper subject. If such an article as Mr. Byron's pie had been produced by any Swiss or Italian innkeeper, we may be sure that some adventurous tourist would either have eaten it or described it, or perhaps both. After all, perhaps Mr. Byron's comedy is good enough to precede the "bouffonnerie musicale" which is the real attraction of the Strand Theatre. Managers do not seem to have invested largely in "new and original" writing for the present season. Mr. Buckstone has re-engaged Mr. Sothern and revived Lord Dundreary, and there must be a number of people who either have never seen this performance or want to see it again, and thus the manager of the Haymarket Theatre may avoid for some time those praiseworthy experiments which proved so unfortunate last season. It is a relief, at any rate, to find that a comedy by Mr. W. S. Gilbert has not become inevitable at the opening of this theatre. Notwithstanding a dictum of one of Mr. Byron's characters regarding salad, it is quite possible to have too much of a good thing.

REVIEWS.

LORD LYTTON'S SPEECHES.*

SPEECHES on topics which unavoidably and rapidly become obsolete are seldom interesting at a later time, unless they approach the highest type of excellence. Among the orators of the present generation, Mr. Bright alone satisfies the conditions under which oral eloquence becomes a portion of the permanent literature of

* *Speeches of Edward Lord Lytton*. Now first collected, with some of his Political Writings, &c. With a Prefatory Memoir, by his Son. 2 vols. London: Blackwood & Sons.

the country; yet Lord Lytton is justified in claiming for his father a place among the ten or twelve best speakers of his time. A certain interest attaches to the secondary and collateral pursuits of a successful man of letters. The Prefatory Memoir is avowedly "a short sketch of what was purely political in Lord Lytton's many-sided life." It is true that his activity was various and versatile, but his intellectual character was not in any sense many-sided. With the rare faculty of constructing a fictitious story Lord Lytton combined singular industry, which was stimulated by an impatient love of distinction. An accomplished but not a profound scholar, he attempted with little success to write erudite treatises, and he published several volumes of verse, although nature had denied him the qualities of a poet. In the less arduous art of oratory he succeeded better than in any of his numerous experiments as an amateur. If he had little of the passion of politics, he entered with intelligent sympathy into party contests, and his literary training furnished him with an abundant supply of illustrations and epigrammatic phrases. His own impulses were benevolent and generous, and on some questions, such as copyright and the duties on paper and on newspaper stamps, he was better informed and more strongly convinced than the mass of those whom he addressed. In dealing with subjects such as the Malt-tax or the Income-tax, which were less closely connected with his habits of thought, he adopted with creditable facility the conventional tone of the House of Commons and of his own party; yet it is impossible in reading his speeches on such topics not to feel that he is unconsciously assuming the imaginary character of a statesman in a novel. Dickens's actor who at a real wedding goes through the stage business of a heavy father was a faithful caricature of the artist who makes a study of his part in ordinary life. Among the most intrinsically valuable papers in the present compilation are letters and notes for speeches on the Russian war and on the Danish complications of 1864, and Lord Lytton's speeches on foreign policy are greatly superior to the rest. He was a genuine Englishman; and he was exempt from the narrowness of mind which disqualifies vulgar politicians from understanding questions which involve the national honour. Lord Lytton was apparently one of the scanty number of Englishmen who appreciated the mistakes of Denmark, and the passionate devotion of the entire German nation to the cause of their compatriots in the Duchies. International relations were large enough to satisfy and to interest his imagination. From domestic faction he generally held aloof, or he amused himself with engaging in the struggle as he might have taken a hand at whist. The editor judiciously abstains from republishing a pamphlet, which had a wide circulation at the time, on the dismissal by William IV. of Lord Melbourne's Ministry in 1834. Lord Melbourne, it seems, afterwards assured Mr. Bulwer that the pamphlet had exercised a great influence on the general election which followed, and the sincerity of his opinion was shown by an offer of a place in the Whig Government when it returned to office in the following year. The pamphlet itself contained an ingenious and frigid string of antithetic variations on the theme that it was absurd to change the distribution of political power because Lord Spencer, an elderly nobleman in a private station, had died. The Conservative reaction which the King had prematurely discerned was better worth discussing, but the subject was less susceptible of epigrammatic treatment. Young and ambitious essayists would do well to beware of the facile paradox that great events spring from trivial causes. Macaulay wasted much of his brilliant ability in futile demonstrations that history and biography are made up of impossible inconsistencies and arbitrary puzzles. It is no more extraordinary that a change of Ministry should occur when a trifling occasion brings powerful motives into operation than that it should happen on a Monday or a Wednesday. If William IV. had been sufficiently prudent and patient to wait for two years, Sir Robert Peel would probably have been able to form a stable Government. If Mr. Bulwer's pamphlet changed the opinion of a single elector, literary skill must have had more practical effect forty years ago than in these prosaic days.

If any young politician wishes to study the history of the generation immediately preceding his own, he will find much valuable information in the present collection of speeches. Lord Lytton's contemporaries, on the other hand, may feel a melancholy pleasure in recalling the half-forgotten interests and difficulties of their earlier days. The popular impression that the Crimean war was the deliberate result of a mistaken policy may be in some degree corrected by reference to the feelings with which its origin and progress were regarded by an eminent and patriotic member of the Opposition. A vigorous speech on Mr. Layard's motion on Administrative Reform in 1855 will revive the memory of one of the most unmeaning and transitory agitations which have at any time excited an attention disproportionate to their merits. The Administrative Reform movement was the only occasion on which Mr. Dickens made the mistake of publicly displaying on a platform his profound ignorance of political subjects. Sir Edward Lytton, in moving an amendment to the motion, showed that he understood better than his friend, the comic novelist, the necessity of party, the incompatibility of constitutional freedom with a Government of clerks, and the dangers which might result from the administration of patronage in deference to popular clamour. His remarks on the propensity of the Whigs of the time to confine high office to a few powerful families already possess historical interest. Twenty years ago satirists declared with approximate truth that all the members of the Cabinet, with one exception, were descended from

a single ancestress who flourished at the beginning of the century. Lord Palmerston, who was not himself of the privileged family, fully shared the objection of his Whig allies to the intrusion of new comers into the select circle. One of the oddest events of his life was the sudden collapse at the end of 1857 of the popularity which had at the beginning of the year procured the return at the general election of a large majority pledged only to support the Minister. The immediate cause of the change was Lord Palmerston's selection of Lord Clanricarde to fill a vacant office in the Cabinet. The House of Commons had at the same time become partially alienated from its favourite leader in consequence of a supercilious manner which he had adopted in the confidence produced by his personal triumph. The largeness and geniality of Lord Palmerston's nature were never so well illustrated as by his retention and development in old age of the invaluable faculty of profiting by experience. The haughty Minister who was driven from power in 1858 by the coalition of Lord John Russell, Mr. Cobden, Mr. Bright, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Disraeli, returned to office in 1859 at the age of seventy-four with all his faults of manner and temper corrected. From that time to the end of his life he was the most cheerful and the most affable of statesmen, and even his enemies confessed that his speeches displayed a marked improvement in style. It is interesting to notice the language of respect and admiration in which Lord Lytton always mentions the leader of the party to which he was in later years opposed.

Contemporary documents studied after an interval of time and of political change may from one point of view be regarded as fulfilled, or more often as unfulfilled, prophecies. It is well to know not only what a former generation did, but what it hoped and feared. One of the speeches in the present collection contains an argument against the abolition of the East India Company, and the transfer of the government to the Crown. In common with many thoughtful politicians, and with the great majority of Anglo-Indian statesmen, Lord Lytton apprehended serious danger from the subjection of the Indian Empire to the influence of English party interest and to the control of the House of Commons. His arguments even now appear to have been weighty; and it is certain that many of the advocates of the change had derived their early impressions from the tradition of an earlier time, and of extinct abuses which have been mainly perpetuated by the eloquence of Burke. It could scarcely be foreseen at the date of the transfer that ignorant indifference would produce the same beneficial results with deliberate abstention from interference. The House of Commons, instead of meddling with the details of Indian administration, cannot even be induced to meet in respectable numbers once in a Session for the Indian Budget. The habitual care of the Ministerial leader to postpone the Indian Budget till the end of July is an unnecessary, though perhaps a not injudicious, precaution. Except in the amalgamation of the armies, the experiment may be regarded as successful. It is always desirable to abolish a theoretical anomaly, if the advantages which have resulted from the maintenance of a fiction can be retained in combination with a more intelligible and defensible system. India had been administered by an admirable body of public servants under the Company without any regard to political parties in England. The same exclusive devotion to Indian interests is fortunately found to be compatible with the direct authority of the Crown acting through a Minister who is called Secretary of State, and not, as formerly, President of the Board of Control. The result of the change in the form of Indian government is only one among many instances of the unavoidable misdirection of political anxieties. The French saying that nothing is certain but the unforeseen is but an epigrammatic and paradoxical exaggeration of the truth that experience never exactly corresponds with anticipation; yet it is a fallacy to assume that what has ceased to be important was not important in its time. One of the elements of the interest which attaches to Lord Lytton's speeches consists in the fact that, as a politician, he was not in advance of his age. His natural position was that of an intelligent bystander who thought that it became him occasionally to mingle in the fray of parties. The practical study of certain forms of human activity would have been less advantageously pursued if he had not adopted the tone and the point of view of his friends and his opponents. He may consequently be fairly accepted as a representative of some of the best qualities of his contemporaries. One of the ornaments of his oratorical or debating style is the uniform and unstudied courtesy with which he treats even the objects of his political censure. The severest of his speeches was directed against Lord John Russell on his retirement from Lord Palmerston's Cabinet after his abortive negotiations at Vienna. Even in commenting on an unexampled perversity of political conduct Sir Edward Lytton was careful to dwell on the great reputation and the political services of the fallen Minister. In every controversy Lord Lytton was a gentleman, and he was not a passionate partisan.

The Prefatory Memoir which forms the most interesting part of the present volumes is almost exclusively confined to Lord Lytton's political career. The limitation is judicious, because a son, even when, as in the present instance, he possesses all literary qualifications for the task, is not the fittest biographer of one of whose character he can neither think nor speak with perfect impartiality. The few expressions of opinion in which the present Lord Lytton indulges himself may be safely accepted as well founded. He is evidently right in attributing a large part of his father's success in life to his resolute industry. It is still more interesting to learn that Lord Lytton was extremely sensitive to

the thoughts and feelings of those around him. His son may possibly be mistaken in thinking that he cared little for praise bestowed on his intellectual ability. A score of prefaces and the entire series of his poems would lead to the belief that he cherished a not ignoble desire of literary fame. "Praise for any kind of moral goodness, the ready recognition of a generous motive or a lofty principle in his conduct, would almost overpower him; and I have frequently seen it bring tears into his eyes. Similarly he writhed under calumny, or any misinterpretation of his moral character. 'It is more than injustice,' he once exclaimed, 'it is ingratitude. Men calumniate me; I would lay down my life to serve them.'" To a certain extent his moral enthusiasm warped a literary judgment which ought to have been independent of ethical irrelevancies. A letter to Mr. Merivale, quoted in the Prefatory Memoir, affords a curious proof of the imperfection of Lord Lytton's æsthetic taste. In opposition to his accomplished correspondent, he argued that Schiller was equal or superior to Goethe, because in Lord Lytton's judgment Schiller exercised a more beneficial influence on life and character. "Just as if, if they had lived in the same day (and that day a serene artistic one), it would have been the question between Shakspeare and Milton—a question between width and height—Schiller preserves for us what is most valuable to men, the heroic standard." The comparison is founded on an utter misconception of the standard of poetic excellence. Shakspeare was a far greater poet than Goethe, and Milton than Schiller; but a critic who holds that Milton ever approached to the transcendent elevation of Shakspeare may not inconsistently compare the laboured declamation of Schiller with the spontaneous melody and the comprehensive imagination of Goethe. Neither Shakspeare nor Goethe devoted themselves to the task of preaching, and Milton's most elaborate sermon deviated into a glorification of Satan. Schiller wrote spirited verses with a high moral purpose, and he has his reward in the preference of those critics who prefer edification to the inspiration of genius. Engravings of illustrations of the Parables for the use of schools may perhaps convey more religious and moral instruction than as many paintings by Titian; but utility is but casually connected with beauty. By far the best of Lord Lytton's numerous fictions are those which have no professed moral purpose. In his later works his didactic efforts impair the value of stories which are happily for the most part conducted with little reference to the author's avowed and original intention.

GROVE'S CORRELATION OF PHYSICAL FORCES.*

TO those who know how busy is the life of a successful barrister it is a matter of wonder how so many members of the Bar can find time to render themselves eminent in subjects unconnected with their profession. Yet it would appear that the leisure which a judge may hope to enjoy is still smaller, for the tone in which Sir W. R. Grove presents to the world this republication of his contributions to science is so strikingly valedictory that it seems clear that he entertains no hope of pursuing original researches in the future. Not that he will be henceforth lost to science; rather he will there also be promoted from the bar to the bench, and will recognize and decide on the merits of scientific researches in which he may no longer take a part. In the full vigour of his intellect, it will be long before he ceases to be one of the foremost names in the catalogue of English physicists, and one of those whose opinions on scientific points will be most eagerly sought and listened to. And in these days, when the spread of the desire for scientific knowledge is yet more remarkable than is even the wondrous increase of that knowledge itself, such men are scarcely less needed than original observers. To gain credence among a large class of people one needs only to express one's speculations in sonorously scientific phraseology; two or three passwords such as "evolution," "conservation of force," and the like, are sufficient to give vitality to the most unsubstantial fictions of minds which find no difficulty in being original because they are too confused to be accurate. And even among better thinkers the race for priority of discovery leads to rash anticipations of possible results which, when presented, fail woefully to obtain the necessary support from the investigations which profess to have led to them. At such a time as this, men of great scientific power who, though they have their own triumphs in past days to recount, are not now engaged in any special branch of research, but content themselves with learning the results obtained by others, are specially useful. It is their recognition that distinguishes the true man of science from the charlatan; nay, if they will, they can prevent the more astute of our scientific men from intercepting the rewards and the renown due to the more retiring for the discoveries which they have been less eager to trumpet forth than to make; though this is a thankless task which few have the courage or the devotion to undertake. But to hold such a place in the scientific world it is necessary to have won your spurs in some actual field of scientific research, and not merely to have been a carpet knight who has contented himself with talking about the exploits of others. The republication by Mr. Justice Grove of his scientific writings, many of which were known but to a small circle, affords to all an opportunity of judging how far this has been the case with him.

So far as the general public is concerned, the book will gain greatly from the fact that the author has been an experimental and not a mathematical physicist. There are few papers in it which will not be readily understood by those who have a practical acquaintance with the contents of a laboratory; though, so far as most of them are concerned, such an acquaintance will be a necessary preliminary, if not to their being comprehended, at least to their being properly appreciated. It is true that such an ingenious speculation as that which purports to account for the formation of logan stones by the action of the weather is intelligible to all, but the majority of the papers are—as they should be—too technical in character for desultory reading, and will commend themselves only to those who possess a fair knowledge of the principles of physics and the general manipulation of physical apparatus. Fortunately this class is a large and ever-increasing one, and its members will appreciate highly the contents of this book. The exquisite adaptation of means to ends which marks the good experimenter is abundantly evident throughout; and there is moreover a spirit of caution in generalizing from results, and still more in accepting results as conclusive evidence of the theories they appear to support, which is in striking contrast to the general tone of the writings of many scientific men of great eminence. Such qualities fully account for the high reputation which Mr. Justice Grove has acquired, in spite of the limited leisure that he has been able to devote to the pursuits of science, and in spite of the fact that his papers on scientific subjects, even when collected, are not more than will easily fill a decent-sized volume. A very characteristic paper is the one on the effect of heat upon liquids, which relates to a series of experiments undertaken by him in order to ascertain whether the phenomena of boiling were duly accounted for by the ordinary theory that ebullition is due to the separation of the molecules of the fluid by the heat applied. These experiments led him to the conclusion that this explanation was far from being a satisfactory one, inasmuch as in all cases of boiling the fluid was not a pure fluid, but was mixed with some portion of permanent gas; and he ultimately pronounces in favour of the theory that ebullition is in reality due to the evaporation of the fluid at the surface of the small bubbles of permanent gas formed in the fluid by the action of the heat. These experiments were mainly directed to obtaining cases of boiling under circumstances which excluded the possibility of the presence of permanent gas; and after recounting the series of admirable contrivances by which he combated the difficulties that he met with, he proceeds to give a few remarks on the extreme difficulty of entirely isolating a substance from the surrounding air in a way that still permits of experiments being made on it. He sums up the results of his experience of the difficulty of obtaining and maintaining absolute purity of ingredients in refined experiments, in the quaintly expressed despairing utterance that "in nature everything is to be found in anything if we carefully look for it." Such controversies as those respecting the spontaneous generation of living organisms would not perhaps have had so chequered a course had the supporters of the theory held this in mind, nor should we have heard of the retort that spontaneous generation might be readily demonstrated by the use of judiciously dirty test-tubes. Not that this is the only case in which the cry of "crucial experiment" has been raised so often that we have ceased to heed it, or that the fault is by any means confined—either in that or in any other case—to the would-be discoverers of new truths. Want of scientific caution is prevalent in all schools of thought; it is a mental or moral weakness which belongs to the individual and not to the creed.

But, after all, it will be by none of the papers now for the first time republished that Mr. Justice Grove will mainly be remembered. Their practical results will, indeed, not be forgotten, and specialists will doubtless long continue to read them for the style and the accuracy of the thought they contain—an accuracy which we scarcely dare to impugn even in a single instance, though we cannot feel sure that a somewhat ambiguous passage in the paper on the Reflection of Light from incandescent surfaces does not speak of the interference of lights that are derived from different sources. But, like all such papers, they cease to be important when the information they give has become part of the ordinary lore of science. Far different is the case of such utterances as his well-known lectures on the "Correlation of Physical Forces," of which it has been well said that one can wish only a single word altered, and that is the all-important word "correlation." Such productions as these, which mark an epoch in the annals of science, never lose their value; nay, we may go further and say that their value is positively diminished by their being altered to keep pace with the advance of the lines of thought which they initiated. A grand generalization such as that of the identity of all forms of force, when once published abroad, is so suggestive that it speedily becomes useless to catalogue the exemplifications of its application that are supplied by various classes of phenomena, or the support it has received from subsequent experiments; and when it is once fully established, the sole interest that attaches to the early works which treat of it is not due to their scientific completeness but to their early date. And, above all, it is important to preserve as much as possible the exact form of the first announcements of such a generalization, and this for reasons far higher than mere antiquarian considerations. Nothing is more useful as well as interesting than to contrast the wild and unsupported deductions that are drawn from such a generalization when once generally admitted with the cautious and guarded applications of it that were made by the original discoverer. The man who first ascertains the

* *The Correlation of Physical Forces*. Sixth Edition. With other Contributions to Science. By the Hon. Sir W. R. Grove, M.A., F.R.S., one of the Judges of her Majesty's Court of Common Pleas. London: Longmans & Co. 1874.

presence of gold in a country otherwise than by accident reads not let himself be enticed into stopping at particular spots however tempting, but follows steadily some course which must show him the presence of that which he seeks, if it be there at all. For to him the question is one of success or total failure, and without a certainty of gold being at all events near, it would be the madness of the unintelligent treasure-seeker to attempt mining at all. But the crowd that flock thither to avail themselves of his discovery feel no such restraints. To them it is but a choice of where to seek, and thousands will light on spots far richer than the one chosen by the original discoverer, yet which he had deliberately passed over in his research. Just so is it with the discoverer of a great generalization like those of the Correlation of Forces and Development. Many a follower of Grove and Darwin may have discovered more interesting instances and illustrations of the application of their great theories than did the discoverers themselves; and, if prescience be defined as the assertion of what is at the time unknown but will subsequently be found to be true, then have these disciples in their cheap and random prophecies often surpassed their masters in prescience. But it is not such exploits that science loves to honour. In her eyes the value of the advance made is not measured by the extent of country passed over, but by the difficulties of the path, and the meagre reports of the first man who has penetrated into an unknown land are far more precious to her than the detailed descriptions of the travellers who have jogged at their ease through the length and breadth of the land which his labours opened out to them. It is thus of the greatest importance that the text of works like the *Correlation of Physical Forces* should be kept as much as possible in their original form, and that additions should remain unincorporated therewith. For though, doubtless, the scientific world was nearing the discovery from more than one quarter, and though it may have occurred independently to other minds, yet the lecture which Mr. Grove delivered in 1842, followed by the course in 1843, may fairly claim to have been the first clear enunciation of the idea of the substantial identity of all forms of force. We would willingly have had these lectures in the form in which they were actually delivered, but this cannot now be, though some of the most important passages of the 1842 lecture are given in the preface to the present work. But, as a whole, we may feel certain that the identity has been preserved, for the author has confessedly been anxious to preserve it for reasons similar to those of which we have been speaking. And, as educated men in England, at all events, look to his *Correlation of Physical Forces* as the book from which they first learnt the now familiar ideas of which it treats, we may be sure that it will be long before it ceases to be treated with special favour, and it will be long before any rival work, however full or complete, will be more eagerly sought after than the book which taught so early and so well the unity of the forces of nature; a discovery of such vast and wide-reaching importance that even now we are but dimly conscious of its full significance. It needs but the complementary discovery of the unity of the material components of the universe—i.e. the demolition of the temporary and self-contradictory hypothesis of an ether which now disfigures science—to give to the dynamics of the universe the simplicity which Newton's great discoveries foreshadowed.

IDOLATRY.*

IF Mr. Julian Hawthorne's second book were not his second, one would be inclined to think far more highly of its author's capacities and probable future. His first work, *Bressant*, was full of extravagance, but full also of promise. His present performance cannot be said to fulfil that promise. That the younger Hawthorne is gifted with a power which, judged by the standard of ordinary novels, is great, cannot be doubted. Nor can it be doubted that he has misused that power. It is a common enough experience that the consciousness of strength leads its possessor into extravagance; and this can be pardoned in the case of a novice. The extravagance may be removed while the power will remain. Thus it is with the singer who is endowed with a strong voice. He will delight in producing a mere volume of sound until experience has taught him that natural force must be educated and tempered by art. Thus it is also with the young writer who feels that he has ideas beyond the general scope, and words apt to embody them. There is, unfortunately, this difference between the two cases. Were the singer to reject the experience of professors, and insist on trusting merely to his natural gifts, the experience of the public would soon convince him of his error. But to the mass of the reading public the most obvious want of training and attention to art in the making of a fiction appears to be no objection. It is enough for them if there are some touches of strength or originality in the book, some qualities which will bring a new sensation to their novel-jaded minds. Sometimes indeed it is enough if there are none. Whether this state of things indicates an increasing want of ideas among readers or writers or both, or whether it is more happily only a passing form of fashion, is a question capable of discussion. It is possible that it is an instance on a large scale of that extravagance springing from power which is exemplified individually in *Idolatry*. It is but a short time ago in the history of civilization that the capacity and taste for reading became universal. Perhaps

the indiscriminate greed for fiction is analogous to the chest notes which the scarce taught singer hurls forth. One effect of such a condition of affairs is that an author of any unusual ability can choose between the success of securing an immediate, if momentary, attention and the more real success which is dear to the true artist. Mr. Hawthorne has apparently chosen the former of these alternatives.

The lesser seems to have inherited the love which distinguished the great Hawthorne, of relieving the workaday aspect of the tangible world by casting over its actors and events a mist borrowed from realms fantastic, imagined, or even supernatural. He takes the same delight which his father did in imagining such combinations as might, so far as the laws of physics are concerned, take place in everyday life, but which as a matter of experience never do. He has the same perception of the fine irony of circumstances which was used with so much effect by the author of the *Marble Faun*. For the possession of these qualities, which are as likely to be inherited as imitated, it would be unfair to quarrel with the writer of *Idolatry*. It is not unfair to blame him for the use to which he has put them. The delicate impalpable veil with which the father was wont to hint rather than to establish a connexion between the real and the fanciful world becomes gross, and therefore incredible, in the hands of the son. Upon those doubtful points of eerie imagination which the father was wont to glide lightly by, as if half doubting their existence himself, the son makes an appreciable pause, and thus at once destroys his reader's belief. And as soon as the improbability of circumstances and characters hitherto unknown is made clear and manifest their charm is dispelled. Such a comparison as that which we have instituted would be unfair were not the likeness and unlikeness between the two writers so patent that they cannot escape observation. It is not only in the details of his work, but in its very essence, that Mr. Julian Hawthorne's too heavy hand produces a disagreeable impression. To build a romance upon utterly improbable events is the acknowledged privilege of the novelist, so long as he can decently disguise their improbability. When he chooses subjects which are not only unlikely, but also revolting, he exceeds his prerogative.

Mr. Hawthorne makes a considerable demand upon his reader's power of accepting the improbable at the very beginning of his book in the matter of one of its characters. This personage's first appearance upon the scene may be quoted as a fair specimen of the author's descriptive style, which at times rises to greater brilliancy and picturesqueness, but which in this passage has the advantage of not being disfigured by such phrases as "seem to glimpse his majestic figure," or "the air coloured (for "took the colour of") delicate pink." This character is discovered as an Egyptian boy of high rank standing upon the bank of the Nile, into which he plunges for a bathe, thoughtless of currents:—

The subtle Nile catches him softly in his cool arms, dandles him, kisses him, flatters him, woos him imperceptibly onward. Now, he is far from shore, and the multitudinous feet of the current are hurrying him away. The slow moving boat is much nearer than it was a minute ago—seems to be rushing towards him, in spite of the laziness of the impelling breeze. The boy, as yet unconscious of his peril, now glances shorewards and sees the banks wheel past. The crowd of bathers is already far beyond hearing, yet, frightened and weary, he wastes his remaining strength in fruitless shouts. Now the deceitful eddies, lately so soft and friendly, whirl him down in ruthless exultation. He will never reach the shore, good swimmer though he be.

Hark! what plunged from the bank—what black thing moves towards him across the water? The crocodile! coming with tears in his eyes, and a long grin of serried teeth. Coming!—the ugly scaly head is always nearer and nearer. The boy screams, but who should hear him? He feels whether the talisman be yet around his neck. He screams again, calling in half delirium upon his dead mother. Meanwhile, the scaly snout is close upon him. . . .

A many-voiced shout close at hand, a splashing of poles in the water, a rippling of eddies against the boat's bows! As the boy drifts by, a blue-eyed, yellow-bearded viking swings himself from the halyard, catches him, pulls him on board with a jerk and a shove—safe! The long grin snaps together in vain behind him. The boy lies on the deck, a vision of people with leg-coverings and other oddities of costume swimming before his eyes: one of them supports his head, and bends over him a round, good-natured, spectacled face. Above, a beautiful flag, striped and starred with white, blue, and red, flaps indolently against the mast.

Further on—

We catch imperfect glimpses of the Egyptian lad, steadily growing up to be a tall young man. He dresses in European clothes, and lives and moves amid civilised surroundings: Egypt, with her Pyramids, palms, and river, we see no more. The priest's son seems now immersed in studies; he develops a genius for music and painting, and diligently stores his mind with other than Egyptian lore. With him, or never far away, we see a person considerably older than the student, good-natured, whimsical, round of head and face, and insignificant of feature. Towards him does the student observe the profoundest deference, bows before him, and addresses him as "Master Hiero," or "Master Glyphic." Master Hiero for his part calls the Egyptian "Manetho,"—from which we might infer the latter's descent from the renowned historian of that name—but will not insist upon this genealogy. As for the studies, we fancy they tend towards theology; the descendant of Egyptian priests is to become a Christian clergyman! Nevertheless, he still wears his talismanic ring. Does he believe it saved him from the crocodile? does his Christian enlightenment not set him free from such superstition?

This conversion of an Egyptian youth into an American clergyman is curious enough. More curious still is the fact that he is adopted by an eccentric gentleman, the Master Hiero Glyphic of the passage just quoted, with a perfect craze for everything that is Egyptian, so that he builds an Egyptian temple out of one half of his house. Standing at an altar in this temple the Rev. Manetho Glyphic performs the marriage service for Thor Helwyse, an Americanized Dane, great of limb and voice, and Helen, sister to Hiero Glyphic, with whom Manetho is des-

* *Idolatry: a Romance.* By Julian Hawthorne. 2 vols. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1874.

perately in love. Most curious of all, however, is the attempt at portrayal of Manetho's character. With the malice and all but the capabilities of Mephistopheles he combines the patient cunning of Iago and the tender susceptibilities of Werther. It would be difficult to find a more impossible monster. Of this the author himself seems to have become in some sort conscious, for he has scattered hints throughout his story that the Rev. Manetho was more than a little mad. This is but a weak device, however, and rather increases than lessens the impossibility of the character. The author's intention seems to have been to produce a great effect by depicting a character full of hitherto unproved contrasts. The intention is neither ill conceived nor impossible of execution. But the author has failed to execute it. The means he has employed are too violent and artistic. In contrasts of character there must be a certain coherence, just as in music there are certain discords which may, and certain others which may not, be properly employed. The author has resorted to a merely mechanical trick to heighten his effect by speaking of Manetho as "the clergyman" whenever he is employed upon any peculiarly fiendish piece of wickedness.

Far better drawn is Balder, the son of Thor Helwyse, Manetho's old rival. If he is not perfectly real, he is at least not perfectly impossible and monstrous. There is a brightness and cheerfulness about him which is an agreeable relief to the murky extravagance of Manetho and the solitary castle which he inherited from his old patron with the ridiculous name. Balder may be supposed to typify a form of modern faith or unfaith, as Manetho does one of older growth. The idolatry to which each of the chief characters in the book has given him or herself up takes in Balder Helwyse the form of an inordinate belief in self, springing from much successful dealing with the world, and the knowledge of the manners and cities of many men. From this idolatry Balder is converted by the softening influence of failure and trouble, just as the other personages are converted each from their own special worship in a special way. The representation of a character true and noble, but hardened by success into surpassing egotism, which is dissolved by an apt series of events, would be well enough. Only one seems to have read of a certain Raphael Aben Ezra, and a certain Tom Thurnall in the writings of Mr. Charles Kingsley, who have forestalled Balder Helwyse both in his egotism and his conversion. The parallel may of course be accidental. In that case we can only be as sorry for Mr. Hawthorne as Puff is for himself in the *Critic*.

Manetho's whole being after he has married Thor Helwyse to the woman whom he himself adores becomes absorbed in the idea of vengeance. This idea he proceeded to carry out by kidnapping, as he thinks, Balder Helwyse's twin-sister and carrying her off to his solitary castle. Here with a devilish ingenuity he conceives the plan of educating her so that she shall mistake good for evil and evil for good, and returning her to her supposed father when her education is complete. The latter part of this plan is frustrated by the death of Thor Helwyse, the former by the innate goodness of Gnulemah, by which remarkable name the girl is known. The study of a girl brought up entirely sequestered from all human influences save one, and that one of so appalling a kind as Manetho's, is a new idea, and here and there there are indications that the excellence of its execution will correspond to its novelty. The hopes raised by such indications are doomed to disappointment. The author manages always to fall short of the mark. If he failed altogether to approach it, the effect would not be nearly so irritating. This is one of the weaknesses of human nature which a writer should weigh well before setting himself a difficult task. He should remember that readers will have much less toleration for him who does that which is nearly good than for him who does that which is in no way good. In the latter case their attention is not seriously disturbed. In the former it is aroused only to be disappointed. That which most nearly approaches to goodness in this part of *Idolatry* is the first meeting between Balder and Gnulemah. What follows hard upon this—the supposed catastrophe on which the revenge of Manetho turns—is so horribly revolting that one is astounded at Mr. Hawthorne's dealing with such an incident in the pages of a romance. Mr. Leslie Stephen in his last book said, with picturesque terseness, "Poe was a kind of Hawthorne and delirium tremens." The latter part of the younger Hawthorne's book recalls this expression. The final and real catastrophe of *Idolatry* is a most lame and impotent conclusion, for which it is most difficult to assign any reason beyond the unworthy one of a desire to finish the novel with a startling effect. If such was the writer's object, he would have been wise to employ a less hackneyed incident.

There is one character in *Idolatry* described with a skill and delicacy which are almost worthy of the author of the *Scarlet Letter*. Unfortunately this character has nothing to do with the movement of the book, and is merely introduced as a picture by the way, so that it is possible to draw the inference that the success of the effort is due to its not being sustained. Mr. Mac Gentle was the president of a bank in Boston, and an old friend of Balder's father, so that Balder's first visit upon his arrival in Boston from Europe was for him. Why he was president of the bank nobody exactly knew, for no one ever paid any attention to his ideas on finance:—

Let no one hastily infer that the accomplished gentleman of whom we speak was in any sense a sham. No one could be more true to himself and to his professions. But, if we may hazard a conjecture, he never breathed the air that other men breathed; another sun than ours shone for him; the world that answered to his senses was not our world. His life, in short,

was not human life, yet, so closely like it that the two might be said to correspond as a face to its reflection in the mirror: actual contact being in both cases alike impossible. No doubt the world and he knew of the barrier between them, though neither said so. The former, with its usual happy temperament, was little affected by the separation, smiled good-naturedly upon the latter and never troubled itself about the difficulties in the way of shaking hands. But Mr. MacGentle, being only a single individual, perhaps felt lonely and sad. Either he was a ghost or the world was. In youth he may have believed himself to be the only real flesh and blood; but in later years the terrible weight of the world's majority against him forced him to the opposite conclusion. And here at last were he and the world at one!

Suppose, instead of listening to a description of this good old gentleman's person, we take a look at him with our own eyes? There is no danger of disturbing him, however busy he may be. The inner retreat is very small, and as neat as though an old maid lived in it. The furniture looks as good as new, but is subdued to a tone of sober maturity, and chimes in so well with the general effect that one scarcely notices it. The polished table is mounted in dark morocco: behind the horse-hair-covered arm-chair is a grey marble mantel-piece, overshadowing an open grate with polished bars and fire utensils in the English style. During the winter months a lump of Cannel coal is always burning there; but the flame, even on the coldest days, is too much on its good behaviour to give out a very decided heat. Over the mantel-piece hangs a crayon copy of Correggio's Reading Magdalene, the only touch of sentiment in the room, and that perhaps accidental!

The concrete nature of the President's surroundings is at first perplexing, in view of our theory about his character. But it must be evident that the world could never provide him with furniture corresponding to the texture of his mind; and hence he would instinctively lay hold of whatever was common-place and non-committal. If he could realize nothing outside himself, he might at least remove whatever would distract him from inward contemplation. There is, however, one article in this little room which we must not omit to notice. It is a looking-glass, and it hangs—of all places in the world—right over Mr. MacGentle's standing desk, in the embrasure of the window. As often as he looks up he beholds the reflection of his cultured and sad-lined physiognomy, with a glimpse of dusky wall beyond. Is he a vain man? His worst enemy (had he one) would not call him that. Nevertheless, Mr. MacGentle takes a pathetic comfort in this small mirror. No one, not even himself, could tell wherefore; but we fancy it to be like that an exile feels in seeing a picture of his birth-place, or hearing a strain of his native music. The mirror shows him something more real, to his sense, than is anything outside of it.

There is another passage in the book which we are tempted to quote in order to show that Mr. Hawthorne has capacities for humour and observation which he would do well to cultivate, in place of the ill-ordered fantasies which he has indulged in. Helwyse, thinking that he has killed a man in a struggle, has his beard shaven off by a little barber as a measure of precaution. The barber asks him if he has ever attended camp meetings:—

"No?" continued the little man, who, by long practice, had acquired a wonderful knack of interpreting silences: "Well, it's a great thing, sir! and a right curious thing experiencing religion is, too! A great blessing I've found it, sir; there's a peace dwells with me, as the minister says, right along all the time now. Does the razor please you, sir? Ah! I was a wild and godless being once, though always considered smart with the razor; Satan never took my cunning hand, as the Poet says, away from me. Yes, there was a time, sir, when I was how-d'y-do with all the bloods around the place, and a good business I used to do out of them too, sir; but religion's a peace there's no understanding, as the good Book says, and if I don't make all I used to, I save twice as much, and that's the good of it, sir! Beau-ti-ful chin is your's, sir, I declare!"

"Do you believe in the orthodox faith?" asked Helwyse: "in miracles, and the Trinity, and so forth?"

"Everything we're told to believe in I believe, I hope, sir; and as quick as I hear anything more, why, I'm ready to believe that also, provided only it comes through orthodox channels, as the saying is. Ah, sir, it's the unquestioning belief that brings the happiness: I wouldn't have anything explained to me—not if I could! and my faith is such that what goes against it I never would believe, not if you proved it to me in black and white, sir. Lovely skin, yours, sir—just like a woman's! The intellect is a snare, that's what it is.—Ah, yes! You think with me, sir, don't you?"

Were the whole of Mr. Hawthorne's work equal in merit to the two extracts which we have made, we might rejoice in the advent of a new writer of romance. As it is, we can only be sorry that he did not put away *Idolatry* for a year or two before he thought of publishing it.

GENERAL SHERMAN ON WAR.*

GENERAL SHERMAN'S name in his profession would be sufficient excuse for his offering his opinions on it. No other commander, always excepting Lee, attracted so much attention by his achievements during the great American Civil War. The dogged perseverance and relentless energy of Grant, the power which he had, and indeed occasionally misused, of pushing on his men, his long and complicated campaigns on the Mississippi and Tennessee—these were less fitted to win him fame than such a stroke of genius in strategy as that which accomplished the famous march across Georgia, or even the not less difficult feat of pushing such a general as Johnston, bent on obstinate defence, step by step back, for the hundred miles that brought the invader into the heart of the South at Atlanta. Should the work ever appear of which the essay now published in American journals is declared to be the final chapter, we may be sure that it will be read with almost as much interest in Europe as in the writer's own country, even did not this fragment prove abundantly that General Sherman knows how to describe as well as to teach, and has an observation not less keen in deducing military lessons from experience than in seizing the strategical features of a tract of country or the important points of a battle-field.

* *The Military Lessons of the War.* By W. T. Sherman, General of the Army of the United States. Being the concluding Chapter of an Unpublished Memoir of Events of the War.

When General Grant was elected President in 1868 his place at the head of the regular forces of the Republic fell naturally to his most trusted lieutenant; and circumstances tend to make the office, though robbed of much of its importance by the constant reductions enforced by Congress, almost a permanent one. If his tenure of it be, as is generally understood, the reason why General Sherman has withheld his history of his campaigns, as being inextricably involved with the reputation of officers now serving under him, it may be long before the world will be enlightened by his views of the events in which he shared. This is the more to be regretted since it is impossible to doubt that the great struggles of 1866 and 1870, occurring so near to us, have dimmed to some extent our interest in a war which for many reasons was more difficult to follow and understand than any contest carried on over ground already familiar to readers of European history. Meanwhile General Sherman has chosen to publish his conclusions without the data on which they are based, and we must accept them as they come to us, in the faith, from all that is known of the writer's character, that there is not a word to be found in this remarkable essay which he could not bring proof in support of. His convictions are strong, and he takes so little pains to hide them even when opposed to popular views, that his conclusions may be challenged at many points. But those who dispute them will at least admit the shrewdness and force with which he points the moral of the tale that has yet to be told by his pen.

The essay opens with remarks for which future historians of America will perhaps be grateful, on the singular blindness of the North as to the certainty of rupture. The conviction that it must occur came much earlier to the South; for the value of her slave property, which Sherman estimates at fifty millions before the war, naturally made her deeply sensitive to any changes of the political barometer that affected it. At this point his testimony is of peculiar value, since, though a thorough Northern man in sentiment, he held important employment in Louisiana until President Lincoln's election. It would seem that he was long intimate with General Bragg, afterwards noted as a leader on the Confederate side; and as early as 1861 he found this officer, who had ridiculed all the earlier threats of Secession in which South Carolina was wont to indulge, at length convinced against his will that the feeling between the two sections had become so embittered that it was necessary they should part. What Bragg felt many others on his side no doubt felt too; and indeed the bold and early action taken by certain of the Southern States against the Union showed that they knew their own minds clearly enough. On the other hand, in the North there seems to have been a mixture of genuine irresolution with a curious desire not to see, or at least to pretend not to see, that civil war was the only possible solution of the problem of the hour, save the admission of the right to secede. There were acts of open war committed against Union posts before Sherman resigned his office in Louisiana and went to the North; yet months afterwards, he tells us, there was not a single sign of preparation. It was for this reason, he goes on to add, that the people of the South became convinced that those of the North were pusillanimous and cowardly, and their leaders were thus enabled to commit them to the war. At any rate, as in many similar cases, want of preparation in time only caused additional expense and heavier loss of life afterwards; and every day's delay before the fall of Fort Sumter roused the North to action had probably to be paid for afterwards by weeks of strife. Such at least seems to be General Sherman's view of the politics of the time, as regarded from the Northern side. We pass from these to speak of the more technical parts of his essay.

The first section contains a study of American army organization. As most people are aware, the United States have followed that peculiar system of our own which, as a rule, makes the regiment and battalion identical, and distributes it into a number of small companies. As people are so apt just now to take Prussia for the sole model of military excellence, it is as well to point out that there is a good deal to be said on both sides before assuming that large companies with few officers are the right thing under all circumstances. They are obviously suitable for great armies that are to fight great battles in Europe—if for no other reason, because the Prussian company, or some equivalent for it (such as the double company of our own new drill-book), is becoming the recognized tactical unit of infantry everywhere; and the fewer officers that can be used with it, consistently with efficiency, the better for the nation that pays for keeping enormous cadres always ready. But these reasons do not apply at all in the case of a force scattered along minute frontier forts in time of peace, and not likely to be largely augmented in war; since American experience has already shown that it is impossible to raise the regulars to any great strength whilst volunteers are being formed into separate regiments. This will inevitably be the national plan in the future as in the past, and American organization must be prepared to cope with the difficulty. And this brings General Sherman to remark with great force that, since the small regular army of the Union is to serve chiefly as the model on which a larger volunteer army may at any time be raised, there is all the more reason to look closely to its organization. The present arrangement of the companies is obviously faulty in so far as it makes the regiment specially difficult to subdivide. He would therefore so far follow the Germans as to make his peace regiment of three small battalions, of course increasing the companies to twelve, and thus forming handy little commands for detached service. But in war he would still

throw the whole into one strong battalion, apparently judging that any more complicated arrangement than the present would be impracticable for the volunteers, who must always be thought of. And whilst on this question of organization, the writer has a shrewd remark, which should not be passed over, on the popular American mode of appointing officers by election:—"The fact that soldiers would generally like to have a good fellow for their captain is the best reason why he should be appointed by some superior authority, instead of being elected by the men."

Touces of this sort of dry humour—for the shrewdness of General Sherman's remarks often makes them, perhaps unintentionally, no less than humorous—are to be found at every turn as we pass on. From the qualifications of officers and men he proceeds to speak of the temper of the latter in the field, and its importance for success. Much of this must depend on their treatment by the Government as compared with those left behind in depot or garrison; and it is a sort of revelation to find from such an authority that the system of enormous bounties tried in the last stages of the war not only produced worse recruits than any other method, but had the effect of creating a standing grievance in the fighting portion of the forces, in the fact that the "stay-at-homes" were as well or even better off than they. "Of course," it is here said, "the soldier must be trained to obedience, and 'be content with his wages'; but whoever has commanded an army in the field knows the difference between a contented mass of men and one that has a grievance. No general can accomplish the full work of an army unless he commands the souls of his men as well as their bodies." So, again, in speaking of the too easy system which allowed States to fill up their quota when reduced "by raising new regiments, with new colonels, new captains, and men," it is observed that there were exceptions to this folly. "Wisconsin kept the regiments filled with recruits, instead of filling up her quota with new regiments, and the result was, we estimated a Wisconsin regiment as equal to an ordinary brigade"—a strong expression, but one which, as regards immediate usefulness, was no doubt correct enough.

On the care necessary from a general for the supply of his troops General Sherman observes what Napoleon felt and expressed in his own way in his appointments of chiefs of corps, that, although a good staff is indispensable, the commander cannot throw off his own responsibility on his staff. The reason follows, in brief but pregnant words, which military writers who are disposed to treat of armies as machines may weigh with profit:—

He must give the subject his personal attention, for the army reposes in him alone, and should never doubt the fact that its existence overrides with him in importance all other considerations. *Once satisfied of this, and that all has been done that can be, soldiers are always willing to bear the largest measure of privation.*

In these last words which we have italicized lies the prime secret of the great marches and feats of endurance on record in military annals, as surely as the reverse means discontent, delay, and often enough disaster.

Our space would be wholly unequal to following out the thoughts of this great commander at the length they deserve. We must particularly notice, however, the defence he makes for American armies against an often repeated charge from this side of the Atlantic:—

Europeans frequently criticized our war because we did not always take full advantage of a victory. The true reason was that habitually the woods served as a screen, and we did not realize the fact that an enemy had retreated till he was already miles away and again entrenched, having left a thin skirmishing line to cover the movement and fall back to the new position.

There can be no doubt that this simple solution meets many of the cases that have been cited to prove the inferiority of American volunteer soldiers—often real veterans in war, be it observed—to the regular troops of Europe; though in some of the most important instances, as at Bull Run, Fredericksburg, and Gettysburg, the cause of this apparent want of energy is certainly not to be so easily stated.

By way of commending to further notice an essay which we hope to see published in some more permanent form than the pages of American journals, we shall conclude by adding a few of General Sherman's keen thoughts, taken almost at random from various parts of the chapter. Of the much lauded Sanitary Commission he writes:—

They should limit their operations to the rear, and never appear at the front. They aimed at furnishing personal friends and neighbours with better food than the Government supplied, and the consequence was that one regiment would receive potatoes and fruit denied to another close by. Jealousy was the inevitable result; and in an army all parts should be equal; there should be no "partiality, favour, or affection," to use words familiar to all military men.

Of the sick he says:—

The great majority should be treated on the spot by the regimental surgeon under the eye of the colonel, and as few sent to the division hospital as possible. They receive better care with their own regiment than with strangers, and as a rule the cure is more certain. The tent, or the shelter of a tree, is a better hospital than a house whose walls absorb fetid and poisonous emanations to give them back in the atmosphere.

As to wounded men:—

Wounds which in 1861 would have sent a man to hospital for months were in 1865 regarded as mere scratches, the subject of joke rather than sorrow.

On hasty defences, so much used in this war:—

On the defensive there is no doubt as to the propriety of fortifying; but in an assailing army the general must watch closely to see that his men do not neglect an opportunity to drop the defensive, and act promptly on the offensive at every chance—

words which are as applicable to the story of the French at Gravelotte, lately told by us from the Moltke Narrative, as to any event that the writer witnessed. As to discipline, we read:—

In camp, and especially in presence of an active enemy, it is much easier to maintain discipline than in barracks in time of peace. Crime and breaches of discipline are much less frequent, and the necessity for courts-martial far less. Too many of these in any command are evidences of poor discipline and inefficient officers.

On the disputed question as to the choice between telegraph, hand-signals, and messengers, the General's authority may be held almost decisive from his extraordinary experience:—

For any army covering a large space of ground the magnetic telegraph is by far the best, though habitually the paper and pencil, with good mounted orderlies, answer every purpose. I have little faith in flags and torches, though we always used them; because almost invariably when they were most needed, the view was cut off by intervening trees, or by mist or fog—

an opinion by the way coinciding exactly with that of the best practical officers on this side of the Atlantic. Our next and last extract will be found to bear on our own War Office system, and might almost seem to have been written expressly to criticize it:—

Commanding officers of divisions, departments, and posts, should have the amplest powers to command not only their troops, but all the stores designed for their use, and the officers necessary to administer them; and then with fairness they could be held to the most perfect responsibility.

It is almost needless to say that here is the very remedy that our soundest military thinkers have pointed out for the evils of the present local dualism caused by the adoption of a crude copy of the great French Intendance blunder in our own Control. But the whole of this essay teems with practical wisdom put in a racy and agreeable form. It deserves study wherever the far-spreading tongue is spoken of which the author is hardly less master than of the sword; for he has gathered for us into a single chapter the rich experience of some of the most instructive campaigns in which men of our own race have ever followed a worthy leader to victory.

KOLDEWEY'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION.*

THIS handsome volume contains the record of the German expedition to the East coast of Greenland in 1869-70; and it appears appropriately enough at a time when the interest in Arctic discovery has been stimulated by the news of the greater results obtained by Weyprecht and Payer. Of the merits of the book considered from a purely literary point of view there is not very much to be said. The story is told pleasantly and modestly, as befits men who are recounting their own exploits. It is far from easy to give any great freshness to accounts of adventures which necessarily are but a repetition, with trifling variations, of incidents familiar to all readers of Arctic travels. After describing the drift of the *Hansa*, indeed, "the narrator" tells us rather quaintly "that he closes this account with the hope that he has succeeded in rendering these extraordinary adventures, which must always be unique in their kind, interesting to the reader." We suppose him to mean that this kind of adventure is unique, and not, as his words would naturally imply, that these special adventures were unique; for the drift of the *Polaris*, to mention no other case, is another and more striking example of a kind of adventure not uncommon in Arctic discovery. At any rate the account is certainly interesting to people who are not tired of the ordinary set of phrases about flocks and bergs, and the other technical terms of the Arctic vocabulary. We must add that the book has one odd peculiarity; it is a kind of joint-stock production. Nominally it is by Captain Koldewey, assisted by members of the scientific staff; it is translated by Mr. Mercier, and edited by Mr. Bates. Captain Koldewey, however, is the author of a comparatively small part of the whole book. And everywhere the narrative changes without the smallest notice from one author to another in a manner which would be rather perplexing if it were necessary to discriminate between the different shares. "I" and "we" alternate without obvious reason. "The party to which I belonged," as we are suddenly told, "consisted of three—Dr. Bürgen, the sailor Kleutzner, and myself." We have not the least intimation as to who "myself" may be; but at the end of this fragment of narrative it is incidentally remarked, "So much for Dr. Copeland and his party." In the next paragraph another party is described as "they"; and afterwards the story melts into "we." The names of the authors of each chapter are given in the table of contents; but a little indication in the text might be convenient. The variation is really of no importance, though in reading a book, as in carrying on a conversation, one rather likes to know the name of one's interlocutor. We must fancy that we are sitting in the cabin of the *Germania* listening to the yarns spun by various members of the expedition, each striking in at his own fancy, and not stopping to explain to us his personality. On the whole, though the book might have been advantageously reduced within a smaller space, we have no great cause for complaint. After all, when people have spent a whole winter in the Arctic Ocean, they have in some sort a right to bore their hearers with a rather excessive detail of small incidents, though they would do wisely not to make too free a use of their privilege.

The general outline of the expedition is simple enough. The

Germania and the *Hansa* sailed in company on the 15th of June, 1869. After a rather troublesome voyage they were on the edge of the pack ice off the East coast of Greenland on the 20th of July. Captain Koldewey, the chief of the expedition, signalled to the *Hansa* to come within hail. Captain Hegemann of the *Hansa* misunderstood the signal to mean that he was to go to the westward. The consequence was that the two ships separated in a fog and never saw each other again. After a good many struggles to escape, the *Hansa* was finally blocked up in the ice on the 2nd of September. According to the usual practice a hut was built on the ice in the neighbourhood of the ship, to which stores were removed in case of accident. The ice drifted rapidly to the South, carrying the ship with it, and with October bad weather and furious gales set in. On the 18th and 19th the ice began to move ominously and crush the sides of the ship. At last the ice raised the bows of the unlucky *Hansa* high out of the water, whilst the stern remained immovably fixed in the solid mass. The result was that the ship was hopelessly damaged, and gradually foundered when the ice separated. All the provisions that could be saved were removed to the hut; and there the crew remained drifting slowly southwards through the winter months, hoping that their floe would hold together until they could launch their boats in open water. Their privations seem to have been considerable. Violent storms blew which threatened to crush their place of refuge amidst the chaos of contending blocks of ice. Gradually the area of the little ice island diminished, and the current frequently threatened to crush them against large icebergs stranded near the coast. They seem to have borne their sufferings with abundant cheerfulness, and some of the remarks which they make are rather oddly characteristic of the differences between English and German sentiment. We do not think at least that many English sailors would be found who would confide to their journals such a poetical sentiment as is quoted from the "day-book" of one of the German sailors. Describing the strange sounds of the Arctic night; he says:—"We listen—who is it? All still! not a breath stirring! Once more it sounds like a lamentation or a groan. It is the ice; and now it is still, still as the grave, and from the pale glance of the moon the ghostly outlined coast is seen, from which the giant rocks are looking over to us. Ice, rocks, and thousands of glittering stars. O thou wonderfully ghost-like night of the North!" But, however different the mode of expression, no English sailors could have behaved better than these sentimental Germans, who solace their hours of seclusion by composing poetry and reading Heine's songs. One peculiarity of the East coast of Greenland appears to be the immense number of bears. Both the *Germania* and the *Hansa* seem to have been besieged by these animals, and some very awkward adventures followed. One of the scientific gentlemen was carried off by a bear, who chewed him a great deal, and especially tried to crack his skull. This, it seems, is the proper mode of killing a seal; but either the skull of a German savant is harder than that of a seal, or the bear in question was not full-grown. Anyhow, the sufferer fortunately escaped with life, and, favoured by a strong constitution, recovered completely from his wounds. He adds that he did not feel the smallest pain either at the moment of the injury or in the process of healing.

To return, however, to the crew of the unlucky *Hansa*. On the 7th of May, after two hundred days of drifting, they were able to desert their faithful floe and take to the boats. Provisions were short, and they suffered a good deal from hunger. "It is a peculiar and very mixed feeling," says the narrator, "to think that in six weeks we shall have nothing to eat; if then we have not reached the land we must drop off one after the other; but, serious as is the thought, there are times when it seems irresistibly comical." This comic view of the situation was apparently facilitated by the fact that these excellent Germans had plenty of tobacco. At last, on the 13th of June, they reached Friedrichsthal, a station of the Moravian missionaries; and there the more serious part of their journey ended; though they describe at rather excessive length the period which intervened before they could finally take leave of Greenland and set sail in a Danish ship for Copenhagen, which was reached on the 1st of September. Ten days afterwards the *Germania* ran into Bremerhaven, and heard of the escape of their comrades.

The career of the *Germania* had been more prosperous. She had succeeded in breaking through the ice and reaching the part of the Greenland coast which had been visited in 1823 by Clavering and Sabine. A convenient harbour was found in Sabine island, and a series of sledging expeditions, carried on with great energy, enabled the travellers to make a considerable addition to our knowledge of the geography of the region. Lieutenant Payer seems to have specially distinguished himself, and to have gained much of the experience which he has since turned to good account in a still more adventurous expedition. Alpine travellers may take a certain pride in his performances, for his name was already well known as an explorer of the Eastern Alps before he undertook to climb mountains and cross glaciers in the far North. His Alpine experience was turned to good account in the ascent of greater elevations than have hitherto been reached by Arctic travellers. The most remarkable discovery of the expedition was the Kaiser Franz Joseph's Fiord, which runs very deeply into the Greenland coast at about lat. 73°. It was discovered just at the end of the season, and its full investigation is therefore left as a task for some future explorers, but enough was seen of its wonders to stimulate our curiosity. Its course could be traced for about forty miles, and it is bordered by a series of peaks rising to above 9,700 feet.

* *The German Arctic Expedition of 1869-70.* London: Sampson Low & Co. 1874.

One "monstrous pyramid of ice," estimated at 11,000 feet in height, deservedly received the name of Petermann. Payer himself climbed a point 6,850 feet above the fiord, and gives an animated description of the wonders of the scenery. Here, he says, "were congregated all the peculiarities of the Alpine world; huge walls, deep erosion-fissures, wild peaks, mighty crevassed glaciers; raging torrents and waterfalls, which in Europe as a rule, come but singly. All these pictures of wild beauty were taken in at a glance." After climbing a colossal rock, at least 5,600 ft. in height, which was christened (if that be not a rather inappropriate word) the "Devil's Castle," he adds:—"Never in the Alps have I seen anything even approaching this in grandeur. Here a diminutive Matterhorn rose straight from the water; there rushed a huge mass of water from some glacier over the great walls deep down into the clear water below." The description shows some of the natural enthusiasm of a first discoverer; but we are quite ready to believe that the district has its claims. It is, indeed, rather barren and solitary. There is more vegetation than might be expected; some birch trees even rise to a height of from two to three feet; and in sheltered places attain "even a greater height than this." Moreover there are a good many reindeer, so that the pleasures of slaughter may be added to those of beautiful scenery. Surely this should be a temptation to some adventurous Englishmen to follow in Payer's footsteps and gain the glory of genuine discoverers by ascending some of these wild peaks, from which a view may be obtained into the still untrodden wilderness of the interior of Greenland.

We will not, however, follow the travellers further. It is impossible not to feel a certain shade of jealousy in reading these accounts of daring adventure, skilfully carried out. The expedition which has just returned shows that German enterprise is capable of extending the limits of our knowledge still further. Surely Englishmen should not allow themselves to be beaten in the race, or, more disgracefully, to retire from the competition without making an effort. Though jealousy is an evil passion, so far as it prompts any tendency to detract from the merits of our rivals, we may allow it to stimulate us to a fair effort to keep on a level with them. We would fain hope that these records of German travel, which have sent a thrill of excitement through the whole of the Fatherland, may prompt us to show by unmistakable proofs that the spirit of the Franklins and Parrys is not altogether extinct in England.

RUSSIAN ADVANCE EASTWARD.*

THE Khanate of Khiva at this moment resembles one of those recondite and unpleasant subjects in a competitive examination which only the most audacious and speculative candidates take up. And the answers to the questions therein involved exhibit a considerable diversity of merit. The Englishman produces a series of animated sketches. A laborious and erudite German like Baron von Hellwald, collates and exhausts all that previous writers have said on the matter, and condenses their information into something which may claim to rank as a standard work of reference. From the Hungarian Professor and accomplished Orientalist comes the note of warning to England; from a nameless Russian, the apology for the Czar; from a dauntless American, a record of perilous adventures commenced with energy, prosecuted with forethought, and terminated with complete success. Every competitor, in forecasting the issue or dissecting the problem of Central Asia, has hitherto added something to the general stock of our knowledge. The present volume, we are sorry to say, is an exception. It tells us very little that we did not know before. It is unenlivened by any touch of humour or spark of imagination. The author is painfully accurate with regard to a number of petty details which few would care to read and fewer still to remember, while he displays no sort of capacity for generalization, and little power of appreciating the political bearings of the very events which are passing under his eyes. The work is at once official, pedantic, regular, and icily null. It is scarcely an excuse to say that this work ought to be judged by a bureaucratic standard, the author having written in the character of an officer accredited to the Czar's expedition by the German Emperor. A Special Commissioner delegated by the Viceroy of India to a similar force exploring the Steppes of Turkestan or fathoming the bed of the Oxus would, we venture to say, have turned out something very dissimilar in point of diction, anecdote, illustration, and even hard and dry facts.

The compilation, didactic and guarded as it is, has, however, one merit. The author does not meander away into scores of paragraphs. One hundred and thirty pages comprise all that he has to say, or that the translator has thought it worth while to communicate. Indeed, the editor and translator, Captain C. Howard Vincent, appears to have had some doubts whether the work was worth attention at all, and he has accordingly expanded this production by reprinting a lecture on the Russian army which he himself delivered at the United Service Institution, and which contains a great deal, not generally known, on the organization and discipline of one of the largest armies in the world. We shall deal with this presently. But, first, let us dismiss the Imperial *attaché* himself. A political officer selected to accompany a compact force groping its

way to a remote Oriental capital, through sands and nomad tribes, ought, we should have fancied, to be a man familiar with at least one Oriental language—Arabic, Turkish, or Persian. Lieutenant Hugo Stumm, as far as we can make out, has not even an elementary acquaintance with any one Aryan or Semitic dialect, and he is constantly devising new combinations of letters in the transcript of Eastern names. Shere Ali, the well-known ruler of Cabul, becomes Syr Ali; Khala or Kala Ata is metamorphosed into Chala-Atka. We may be tolerably sure that the correct name of the Prime Minister of Khiva is not Mak-Murat. The summer palace of the Governor-General of the Caucasian provinces has been given by other travellers as Borjome, and not Borschom. The title of the uncle of the reigning Khan may very probably be Amir-al-Omra or "the Prince of Princes," *Amra* being the Arabic plural form of Amir. Lieutenant Stumm talks of "his uncle, Emir-Omra," as if this were a real name and not a well-known honorific addition. It is possible that some of these vagaries may be due to the process of translation; but blunders they are, and it would not require the attainments of M. Vambéry or Mr. Palgrave to avoid or correct them. It is also somewhat difficult to identify the Mohammedan month Jumadi-al-Awul in the Teutonic adaptation Djumadi-el-Afilvel.

To do the author justice, he seems to have been occasionally impressed by the peculiarities of the country, the scarcity of water, the endurance of the troops, and the skill and capacity of the leaders. But he lacks the power to put himself graphically on paper, or to see anything but musty official data. The following are the items which he extracts from the diary of one of the colonels as "interesting":—

May 21, 2 A.M.—Left Alan. 8 P.M. reached Irbassan well. Eighteen miles. Water salt and almost undrinkable.

May 26.—To Kumgrad, seventeen miles. Fresh spring water.

A tendency to manufacture sensational paragraphs out of the most ordinary incidents of a march in the desert, to drag in the weary camels sinking down to perish in the sand, or the obedient Russian soldier delirious from thirst and sunstroke, is doubtless reprehensible. But the dry details accumulated by Lieutenant Stumm, without any word of explanation, graphic touch, or instructive and seasonable comment, are just as much to be deprecated from their barren and tasteless uniformity. Remarks on the fauna or flora, the geology of the country, the dress, manners, and peculiarities of the inhabitants, there are few or none. By way of compensation we have lists of stores allotted to the forces detailed with a precision which would satisfy the newest broom that ever swept a Commissariat Department, or the most rigid accountant that ever watched over excess of expenditure. The stores of salt, the corns of pepper, the bottles of essence of vinegar, the bushels of oats, the amount of dried cabbages and red onions, all are given as if the prospects of the author in the service depended on his mastery of such minutiae. Once or twice the Teutonic phlegm and official reserve of the writer give way to something that may be styled excitement. When he has passed the desert he speaks of the "green fields and fragrant pastures," the "lovely little lakes of clear blue water," and the "banks clothed with the beauty of spring, and swarming with the sweetest of plumed songsters." But this only leads him to think that he must be in "a fairy kingdom," or that he has been, something like Nick Bottom, "transferred by magic to the Warriors' Walhalla of the Arabs." How a Scandinavian myth should correctly describe the sensuous Paradise of the true believers, this imaginative German does not explain. We really prefer his dry official scraps to his flights of fancy; and we can only hope that, if ever another delegate is selected from a host of officers of the high standard of intelligence and education which characterizes the Prussian army, the choice may fall on some one who is more gifted with the capacity to discern and depict those salient points which have been turned to such capital account by the lively Correspondent of the *New York Herald*.

The second part of the volume contains far more matter for instruction and thought. Having emancipated the serfs, the Russian Emperor very properly began to reform his army. To this end he divided his vast Empire into fifteen military districts, and his administration into twelve bureaux or departments. He proclaimed the liability, with certain exemptions, of every adult male to serve either in the regular army or in the militia or local forces; and in time of peace he brought the cavalry and infantry together in divisions, and the artillery, engineers, and rifle corps in brigades. The conscripts, we learn, undergo a preliminary training of six months, after which they are appointed to regiments. From May to October they are sent out to practise campaigning in tents. After six years a conscript is free from regimental duty, and, if he desires it, may be drafted into the reserve. During the long winter months great pains are taken with his education, and he is lectured periodically on the military art. The non-commissioned officers are brought up to a higher standard, and forced to study mathematics, geography, and field fortification. The food does not seem to be at all on a par with the curriculum, and it is marvellous how the Russian soldier can cheerfully endure the hardships and submit to the discipline of his career on black bread, a few scraps of meat mixed with rice and sour herbs, and *quass* or *kvas*, a sour beverage which you must be intensely national or cosmopolitan to swallow. The advocates of the system of purchase in our own army might have found some unexpected support for their views in the lecturer's comments on the difficulty of officering the Russian troops. A squirearchy does not exist in Russia. That class is there wholly wanting which could send to a military career a yearly comple-

* *Russia's Advance Eastward*, based on the Official Reports of Lieutenant Hugo Stumm, German Military Attaché to the Khivan Expedition. By C. E. Howard Vincent, F.R.G.S., Captain Royal Berks Militia, &c. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1874.

ment of gentlemen of moderate means, patrician sentiments, and unblemished descent. Other professions—law, literature, and commerce—are already beginning to assert their claims. The calls on the scientific branches of the army are also very numerous, and military engineers, in Russia as in India, have been distributed all over the country to superintend the construction of roads, railways, and bridges. Another disturbing element is the admixture of German officers. They are so able that they cannot be spared, and so numerous that they are a source of some anxiety. A parallel to this state of things is easily conceived if we only imagine the Indian army to be in part officered by the descendants of warlike Sikh Sirdars or haughty Mohammedan Vizirs and Nawabs. Attempts to establish regimental messes do not appear to have met with much success; and Captain Vincent is bold enough to challenge the popular belief in the great linguistic attainments of Russians. They have, he says, a difficult language of their own, and are thus enabled to command and imitate the accents of all other tongues. Officers of the Guards, the cavalry at least, nearly all speak French, and many German, though few can write either language grammatically. But in the line "it is a great exception to meet an officer conversant with a foreign language." Then the pay is wretched; and to make up for want of solid pudding there is abundance of showy decoration and empty praise. Ribbons and orders glitter on the breasts of captains who have never faced a hostile battery or "seen a shot fired in earnest." At the same time it is pretty clear that the service is not unpopular, and that a good and healthy feeling exists between privates and officers. Macaulay, in describing the composition of the army of the Commonwealth, when saints sometimes served under sinners, remarks that it would not be prudent in our time for a private to lead the devotions of his less gifted colonel, or to admonish a backsliding major. But what would the historian have said had he read the account, as given by Mr. MacGahan, of the soldiers tossing their Grand Duke into the air and receiving him in their uplifted arms, with every token of undiminished respect and affection? Apparently a kind of filial dependence on others seems to characterize the relations of the private and the peasant in that huge Empire. And there is no reason to doubt that the army contains a good deal of excellent raw material, and something beyond it. Soldiers who can make tremendous marches and thrive on food which would reduce others to skeletons, who can use the hatchet, the needle, and the cooking-pot, who can march out eighty miles from the capital and back again in mid-winter by way of exercise, while the thermometer is a little above zero, who stand heat like Sepoys, who rarely mutiny, and never grumble, will never be despised or underrated as foes. They may truly say, like the soldier in Lucan,

Solstitio Meroen, brumâ tentabimus Istrum.

But we share the lecturer's belief that, for some time to come, military details, improvements in arms and machinery, and the completion of imperfect communications, will give Czars and generals quite enough to do, without committing themselves to further schemes of open aggression. We can safely recommend this lecture to those who desire more information about the Russian army than we have space to give.

As for Lieutenant Stumm, we may, in conclusion, remind him that, though Herodotus refers to certain documents which showed the quantity of garlic and rations consumed by the Egyptian workmen who built the Pyramids, his history does not altogether owe its popularity to such matters. His reports remind us of a certain personage who in former days invariably sprang up in the wake of Indian armies, to supplement the slender stores of officers by selling, at exorbitant prices, creature comforts, such as brandy, beer, mixed biscuits, sardines, soap, tooth-brushes, and jam. This speculator, sometimes a Parsee, sometimes a Mohammedan, invariably turned up whenever wanted, at the siege of Mooltan, at the occupation of Lahore, in Bundelcund, or in the track of the avenging squadrons during 1858. The author's odd lists of stores, which we doubt not are as correct as care can make them, suggest to us nothing so much as the miscellaneous assortment of an "Indian Boxwalla" humbly following in the rear of the men who crossed the Oxus and virtually dethroned the Khan.

THE MAGIC MIRROR.*

ON reading Mr. Longfellow, sweet bard, with such a thrill of pleasure throbbed Mr. Molony's heart as to make him resolve that he "joyfully would other themes discard for [Mr. Longfellow's] enchanting art." The result is a good-sized book of metrical compositions, which certainly differs in some respects from most of its kind that we have seen. It touches on a reasonably sufficient variety of themes, and between the text and the notes one may perhaps find grounds for a pretty shrewd guess as to how much the world has lost in the other themes which Mr. Molony has discarded.

The piece which comes first in the volume and gives a name to it is a poetic vision of things in general. The vision is of the kind which suggests l'Intime's question in *Les Plaidours*, "Quand aura-t-il tout vu?" In this case the answer is, at the end of forty-four pages and nine lines over. Next comes another long poem entitled "The Pilgrim Fathers," which also very soon runs

into things in general. We find a little physiology, a little physical astronomy, and a little metaphysics. The two former come out better in the notes, and may wait till we recur to them there. As for the metaphysics:—

There is no time; what seems so is ideal,
Mere shadow of events that come and go.

This is a paradox, and seems to us,
Whose minds are finite, an absurdity.

Some pages further on we learn that the custom of nailing horse-shoes on thresholds "shows a deep knowledge of electricity in our Pagan sires." As at this point we have to make an extract of eighteen lines, it will save a little space and afford a wholesome exercise to our readers if we leave them to make out Mr. Molony's blank verse for themselves:—

They tell us also spirits never cross the water: this is a superstition based on the same principle; this fluid being a great attractor of the electric fire. The parable about the unclean spirit that walketh through dry places seeking rest—that is to say, through places without water, such being the true translation of the Greek—doubtless refers to a like superstition. So strongly were our Saxon ancestors given to such absurd credulities, that they passed a law inflicting penalties on any bishop, who, administering the holy sacrament, should be so drunk as to allow it to drop into the fire, or into a river—fire and water being of light the absorbing agents. Many more such superstitions could I here relate.

The scrupulous refinement of Mr. Molony's Greek scholarship has perhaps made him a little too severe on the translators of the Authorized Version. It is not given to every one to understand the importance of distinguishing accurately between dry places and places without water. Of course for some purposes dry does not mean without water, any more than bald means without hair; as, for instance, when we apply the epithets dry and bald to certain collections of words so put together that they appear to be intended for blank verse. The next piece that calls for attention is a didactic one on the "Decay and Fall of Empires," written as near as Mr. Molony can make it in the proper didactic manner:—

Say, Muse! such is the question I propose,
And may thy help the true reply disclose—
Say, Muse! why nations of the mightiest sway
Decline and fall—how comes this sad decay?

We naturally find a telescope described as an "optic tube" and a "searching glass"; a great many lines beginning with *What, Why, Perhaps, and Perchance* (of these last there is a whole page); and a panegyric on something which "here at the plough exhilarates a Burns. . . here fills a Franklin's soul with musings deep, there a Ghiotto (*sic*) midst his browsing sheep," and after performing divers other feats *here and there*, "inspires a Newton in an apple's fall." But as these fragmentary specimens may not give a just notion of the poem, we must cite as a further example the description of the Chinese Empire:—

Behold the empire of the strange Chinese!
Much to attract, but little still to please—
The doctrines of Confucius, great and sage,
May throw some lustre upon history's page;—
The industrious habits of the people, too,
Present a striking and most pleasant view;
But China, like her neighbour, bears the seeds
Whose fulsome harvest is a crop of weeds:
By factions torn, to ruinous ills a prey,
Her powers collapse, and hasten to decay!

Presently we come to a long story in verse on the Irish famine, which marks the influence of the "sweet bard" on Mr. Molony by closely imitating the metre and manner of *Hawatha*. The scene is in a village where Catholic priest and Protestant parson live together in wonderful amity:—

Often times along the margin
Of the darkly-shining river
Would these friends be seen together,
Walking, arm-in-arm, together—
Link'd in friendship as in person—
Link'd in mind and soul together—
Never were a nobler couple
In relation to each other
Than this goodly priest and parson
Walking thus in sweet communion,
In the course of conversation,
They would talk of bards and sophists—
Of the lights of olden ages—

Likewise in their social rambles
Would they talk of bards and sophists
Who have lived in later ages—
Of Erigena, the world-famed—
Galileo, and Copernic—
Bacon, Locke, and glorious Newton—
Kepler, Arago, and Herschel—
Cuvier, Franklin, and Linneus—
Milton and the bard of Avon.

We also hear that "their walks were full of pleasure" because they always remembered to look at pebbles, insects, and flowers; but the pleasure they had in star-gazing takes a stanza to itself:—

But if such these good men's feelings—
If such were their inclinations
In the humble paths of Nature,
In the commons of kind Nature—
How supremely grand their feelings,
How sublime their inclinations,
When their lofty thoughts would wander
Through the spangled vault of heaven
To the peopled orbs of glory!

* *The Magic Mirror, and other Poems.* By Henry Molony. Published for the Author by Cameron & Ferguson, Glasgow and London. 1874.

Further on we come to a panegyric in blank verse on Milton, to whom Mr. Molony exclaims, "Methinks that all the minds of gifted men, combined and for that purpose brought together, could not produce a mind to equal thine." Three pages more, and Mr. Molony competes with Milton in describing Adam and Eve in Paradise. The piece is given as from an unfinished poem, so that possibly Mr. Molony is preparing to compete with the whole of *Paradise Lost*. Presently he goes to see Tintern Abbey, and his reflections on it culminate in the following stanza:—

Methinks some magic fay hath call'd
Thy fabric with her wand,
And form'd thee thus, O Ruin bald!
Majestically grand!

There is another poem of considerable size which is dramatic, and in three acts; it is about a painter who killed his wife and was duly convicted, but (in an epilogue) "freed, by clemency of the Crown, from th' ignominious end." We have not quite succeeded in discovering for what style this is meant. There is much lyrical dialogue of good and evil spirits; in fact, on a cursory view, we should say the spirits talked as much as the men and women; but there are several distinct sources from which this machinery may have been taken, and we cannot find anything to guide our conjectures to any particular model.

This may suffice for the English poetry of the volume. But as Mr. Molony's ambition is not confined to one style, so it is not confined to one dialect or one language. There is one ballad in a kind of mis-spelt jargon which is meant for old English, and there are several in something which is meant for Scotch. But we must pass over these for the sake of Mr. Molony's French, which affords a really curious study. We are inclined to doubt whether "all the minds of gifted men, combined and for that purpose brought together," could have produced in sport anything to equal that which Mr. Molony has produced in sad earnest. The first quatrain in the series of French poems will do as well as any to begin with:—

Séjour de délices, séjour de mon enfance,
Enfin je revois ton ciel si serein,
Mais dans ton enceinte est une autre engeance—
Un monde étranger se niche dans ton sein!

It strikes one instantly that this is not French verse, nor anything like French verse. The next thing is to find out what it is; on what plan it is in fact constructed, and how it appears to the author to be verse. This, though not quite so obvious, comes out on a little consideration. Fortunately Mr. Molony has put the matter beyond all doubt by printing one poem in two recensions, the first as he wrote it, the second "as altered by an eminent French poet," who has altered it in the manner and to the extent that an Eton master alters a boy's Latin—that is, so as just to make it scan and construe. Here is a specimen of the work as turned out—may we say in Eton phrase in the "foul copy"?—by Mr. Molony, and afterwards in the "fair copy" by the French poet.

The original:—

Le temps coule, mes amis! l'instant de la vie
Est d'une vue circonscrite de bien et de mal:
Le passé est le songe d'une nuit d'insomnie
Et le futur est l'ombre d'un destin égal.

As corrected:—

Mes amis, le temps coule et l'instant de la vie
Est un rayon borné par le bien et le mal;
Le passé, songe amer, une nuit d'insomnie,
L'avenir est son ombre, en tous maux son égal!

This shows conclusively, first, that Mr. Molony's lines are meant for the regular French Alexandrine; and, secondly, that he does not see the point of the corrections, as otherwise he would hardly have printed his own first copy. The key to this metrical puzzle is now tolerably plain. Mr. Molony simply does not know the difference between English and French prosody; he thinks an *e* mute in French is the same thing as a silent *e* in English, and is in the same case with the gentleman who some time ago wrote indignantly to the *Times* to ask what the telegraph clerks meant by charging for *impératrice* as five syllables. The way to reproduce the effect of French verse on Mr. Molony is therefore to drop all the mute *e*'s and read with a strong English intonation. The French Alexandrine is thus transformed into a lilting English ballad metre, and Mr. Molony's stanza scans (to him) in this fashion:—

Le temps coulé | mes amis | l'instant | de la vie
Est d'un | vu | circonscrit | de bien | et de mal
Le passé | est le songe | d'un | nuit | d'insomnie
Et le fu | tur est l'ombre | (or om | bre?) d'un | dés | tin égal.

(The accents here of course mark the metrical beat, and we have suppressed the French acute accent where it occurs in order to avoid confusion.) Any one who will now take the trouble to read the corrected stanza in the same way—

Mes amis | le temps coule | et l'instant | de la vie—

and so on, will easily see that on this plan the metrical effect of the two is undistinguishable. We have actually thirty pages of these compositions, and towards the end of them the author innocently remarks:—

D'ailleurs, en effet,
Le Français n'est pas mon fait;
Ma patrie est l'Irlande,
Et de "Shamrock" ma guirlande.
Je ne songe pas, mes amis,
D'y ajouter "Fleur-de-Lys."

The use of the French language, at least in verse, certainly does not seem to be Mr. Molony's calling. We have seen only one thing to match these performances, and that was an English poem

written by a German innkeeper who seemed to have learnt the language through the medium of French. Instead of thinking with Mr. Molony that French prosody is the same as English, he took English prosody to be the same as French, so that he duly counted ten syllables in each of his lines, but left the distribution of accent to take care of itself, allowing the accentual stress of each word, which indeed for him had no existence, to fall in any part of the line at random.

It only remains to give some specimens of the miscellaneous themes which have not been discarded from Mr. Molony's notes. The notes treat of divers things, as of politics:—

I saw another man, &c.—P. 38.

Though I cannot help pitying Louis Napoleon in his adversity, yet there was undoubtedly much in his character to call for animadversion.

Of philosophy:—

Are not our eyes the suns to light our bodies—
Our minds the inward suns to light our souls.—P. 50.

Many philosophers have confounded the mind and soul together, considering them as identical.

Although there can be no doubt of their intimate connexion, yet I believe them to be different essences. The Romans appear to have made a distinction between them, calling the mind "*animus*," and the soul "*anima*," thereby giving to the one a masculine and to the other a feminine designation, and from the conjunction of both proceeds "*ingenium*," the innate principle "*reason*."

Of science:—

There can be no better proof of the circulation of the blood by electricity than the fact that the application of a piece of iron down the back stops spontaneous hemorrhage from the nose, the attraction of the iron arresting for the time the electric fluid. The principle may be exemplified by making water drop through a small capillary syphon, which the moment it is electrified runs in a full stream.

By such means
Has the old orbit of the Earth been changed,
Her greater weight having drawn her from the Sun,
So that those lands where once was torrid heat
Are now submerged by constant ice and snow.—P. 54.

It may be objected to this theory, that though the matter which constitutes our globe has undergone many changes, yet that there has been no actual increase of matter, and that its specific gravity consequently remains the same. To this I reply, that our globe was once covered with water (as is evident from the researches of the geologist), that all bodies are light or heavy according to the quantity of the electric fluid which they possess; that the bulk of water having been much larger formerly than it is at present, the electric nature of the water caused our globe to have a levity such as it has not at present, nor has had probably for many thousands of years.

The science is further supported by etymology; the French *feu*, substantive (= *focus*) and *feu*, adjective (*feu*=*faï*=*fatutus*), being in Mr. Molony's eyes the same word:—

Let us look, for instance, at the French word *feu*—fire—in the common idiom, "*feu Monsieur*," "*feu Madame*," i.e., "*the late Mr.*," "*the late Mrs.*" &c. Now the word *feu*, as used in these and similar expressions, originally meant "*in the spirit*," or as "*fire*," with which element, or, properly to speak, "*light*" or the "*electric fluid*," the ancients confounded and identified the soul, and therefore, also, the ghost or spirit of the departed.

In one place Mr. Molony exclaims:—

My pretty Muse! why dost thou haunt me so?
Why dost thou fill my bosom with such pain?
How often have I said that thou shouldst go!
How often have I vowed, but vowed in vain!

Why the Muse should so haunt Mr. Molony is of a truth one of those questions that are sooner asked than answered, and we agree with him that she uses him very hardly. The book, we observe, is published "*for the author*." It would seem, therefore, that so far *non concessere columnæ*; but we hope we have shown that it would be at least misleading to speak of Mr. Molony as a middling poet.

LINDSAY'S HISTORY OF MERCHANT SHIPPING.*

UNTIL now no attempt has been made to write the history of shipping and of navigation upon anything like the scale upon which it has been undertaken by Mr. W. S. Lindsay. The two ample volumes which he has just published form, we are given to understand, only an instalment of the full and exhaustive work which he has set himself to write. Reserving for the two future volumes a narrative of the more important events and changes which have taken place in his own time with regard to the constructive arts and the legal or commercial interests connected with the sea, he has brought down to this point a comprehensive history of the art of building ships and the growth of maritime enterprise from the earliest periods to which the records of the past can be traced. Blending with his own practical knowledge of the subject the results supplied by the learning of well-read friends, among whom Mr. Vaux and Sir Patrick Colquhoun are particularly mentioned, he has brought together a mass of valuable material which has hitherto been widely scattered, and accessible only with difficulty, as well as much sensible criticism upon disputed points of fact or inference. The early years of his life spent afloat have qualified him to correct many an error into which men of reading have been betrayed by the lack of what experience alone can supply. His anxiety to treat his subject with absolute completeness is, in fact, rather oppressive, for he even carries his thoughts back

* *History of Merchant Shipping and Commerce.* By W. S. Lindsay. In 4 vols. Vols. I. and II. With numerous illustrations. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1874.

to the primary idea of flotation, from our first parents having noticed leaves or branches of trees floating in the river which went out of Eden to water the Garden. From speculations of this kind it is some relief when he passes to the Deluge, though there is nothing more than common-place in his treatment of the Ark, nor does he venture upon any critical use of the light thrown upon the tradition of the Flood by the recently discovered Assyrian record. Familiar as Mr. Lindsay seems to have made himself with the ordinary sources of Oriental and classic lore, including the researches of Continental scholars like Berghaus and Jal, he has scarcely gone at adequate length or depth into the history of navigation in its scientific aspect. Of the instruments in use from the earliest to quite modern times he takes but the slightest notice. Of the use of the compass, whether among the Chinese or any other race before the twelfth century of our era, he is rightly, we believe, incredulous. But the sole instrumental aid to navigation of which he takes occasion to speak is the gnomon, for measuring latitude by the sun's shadow. He does indeed quote from Sir John Chardin the use of the forestaff and quadrant by native pilots in the Indian and Persian seas; but he is strangely silent as to the astrolabe, an instrument which may be traced to early Eastern and Greek antiquity, and which is invested with special interest to Englishmen by Chaucer's curious treatise, the earliest work of science in our language. As a whole, however, it is impossible to speak too highly of the industry which Mr. Lindsay has bestowed upon the collection of his materials, or of the judgment he has shown in the decision of doubtful questions.

There can be little doubt that the chief commercial routes were at the earliest periods overland. Including as he does the history of commerce at large, Mr. Lindsay extends his researches to the traces of land intercourse between the nations of Europe and both Asia and Africa, especially the great caravan routes by which East and West interchanged their varied produce. Long previously to anything like authentic history, there are traces of this intercommunication. In implements of the Bronze period, for example, the presence of tin has been thought to point to an intercourse as far East as Banka, in the Straits of Sumatra, where the ore is found in abundance, as well as in the British Isles, though these may have formed its principal source. The Sanskrit word for tin, *Kastira*, so like *kassiteros*, which has no equivalent in either the Semitic or the Greek family of languages, may be taken as some proof of the knowledge of the metal having passed, carrying the name with it, from East to West. It is in connexion with this metal, moreover, that the earliest traffic by sea is to be traced; the enterprise of the Phœnicians leading them along the coasts of the Mediterranean to Spain and the Isles of Britain. Theirs were the first regular colonies or depôts of shipping, and by them were the more useful of the less conventionally precious metals of Western Europe, both copper and tin, brought to minister to the luxury of the East. Mr. Lindsay's carefully prepared map shows at a glance the leading routes by sea and land which the earliest authentic notices make it possible to lay down. Indian and Chinese records render it probable that long before the dawn of Greek literature, possibly prior to the Mosaic records, the products of those regions found their way by more than one path over the lofty passes and steppes or burning deserts to the markets where Africa and Europe, as well as Western Asia, were prepared to barter their wares. Gold and silver, precious stones, spices, and, above all, perfumes in what seem fabulous bulk, ministered to the vanity, the luxury, or the religious pomp of Nineveh, Babylon, and Thebes, or of the courts and temples of Hebrew and Syrian kings. What we read of Joseph's boyhood bespeaks the existence of an itinerant traffic of this kind, which is instanced later on by the spoils of the Midianites captured by Gideon. At the most flourishing period of this interchange of merchandise, five principal caravan routes may be said to have divided the traffic of Arabia, the coasts of the Levant, and Northern Africa. By the first of these Egypt and Palestine interchanged their wealth. The second extended from the coast of Syria, including the trade of Phœnicia with Babylon and Assyria, through the plains of Mesopotamia to the North, and along the shores of the Red Sea to the South. The third traversed Asia Minor to the North; and the fourth route lay through Africa, with Thebes as its centre and the Nile and ports of the Red Sea as its outlets. In later times Petra and Palmyra became important entrepôts for the immense trade of Yemen, and the then fertile tract between the Arabian and Persian Gulfs which were not long to remain "Happy." The seasons for the arrival and departure of these caravans, the arrangements for their sustenance and safety, the skilful equipment of the camels and other beasts of burden, with the rate of travel and modes of disposing of the multitudinous merchandise, will be found set out in detail in Mr. Lindsay's earlier pages.

It was not, there is reason to believe, till the knowledge of the monsoons was reduced to a system by Hippalus, in the reign of Claudian, that long and regular voyages across the Eastern seas became practicable for mariners, who had previously been restricted to coasting the continents, or making short stretches from island to island. But long ere this authentic reports are in our hands of expeditions and ventures by sea which bespeak the skill and daring of the early mariners of Greece, Phœnicia, and the far East. To the voyage of Nearchus, the most systematic and complete of these narratives, our author has given fresh interest by telling how he, when a young commander, took his ship closely along the track of Alexander's captain, verifying his

account of the intricacies of the navigation between the mouths of the Indus and the head of the Persian Gulf, having repeatedly to anchor, like his Greek predecessor, through the night. It is true that it took Nearchus five months to do what a sailing-vessel of modern times can do easily in three weeks, and a steamer in far less time. And in this contrast lies the significance of well nigh the whole revolution in the art of navigation which it is Mr. Lindsay's object to narrate. The history of that art is the history of science, and the value of this book consists in the able sketch the writer has given of the successive steps by which the construction of vessels and the art of guiding and impelling them have advanced from their rudest beginnings to their most recent stage. His practical experience of both teaches him to speak, not only with respect, but with admiration, of what was done by the builders and navigators of centuries long anterior to our own. He goes the full length of belief in the substantial truth at least of the reported wonders of the Ptolemies and of Hiero in naval architecture. The race whose remote ancestors built the Pyramids and the Labyrinth may well have launched the ship described by Athenæus, from Callixenes the Alexandrian—two hundred and eighty cubits long, carrying three thousand sailors, besides a host of fighting-men between decks, and impelled by four thousand rowers, although her depth was more probably eight-and-twenty than eight-and-forty cubits, as the story has it. According to Plutarch this ship, like the *Thalameus*, another floating monster of the Ptolemies, more gorgeous and luxurious in fittings, was a mere huge barge moored in the Nile or some great lake or canal for purposes of show or pleasure. The great war ships of Demetrius were however, he remarks, really of service, and Hiero's great ship, for which trees enough were cut from Mount Etna to have built sixty triremes, which had twenty banks of oars, and carried a freight of sixty thousand measures of corn, ten thousand jars of Sicilian saltfish, twenty thousand talents weight of wool, and as much of miscellaneous cargo besides, may have been able, Mr. Lindsay believes, to make voyages in perfect safety both to Greece and Alexandria. To the construction of these, and of the manifold other forms of shipping spoken of by early writers, he has given patient study, carefully working out the mechanical problems involved in framing, equipping, and, above all, in propelling them. Great ingenuity is shown in his chapter upon the management and working of the oars in galleys of many banks. No vessel had, he considers, more than five horizontal rows, all galleys above the quinquereme being rated by counting their oars obliquely. Thus is explained Ptolemy's tesseracton, in which the oars amounted to four hundred on the uppermost tier, with fourteen rowers to each, the number diminishing to six rowers on the lowest deck. The length of the upper oars was, according to Athenæus, not less than fifty-seven feet, and they required to have lead sunk into the handles by way of counterweight. The oarsmen, on the upper tiers at least, would probably walk one or two steps forward, and thus throw themselves with the greater impetus back into their seats at every stroke. That music or the beat of the drum was frequently used to keep the oarsmen in time is expressly stated by many writers. No great difference in principle is to be traced in the Venetian, Genoese, and other row-galleys, or in those in the service of our own sovereigns down to the great constructive change in the English navy under Henry VIII. The early prowess of England upon the sea, long before the Norman invasion, and its gradual development under succeeding reigns, is minutely drawn out by Mr. Lindsay, whose descriptions are aided by woodcuts such as that of the galley "Subtile" from the Roll of the King's Gallies, 1546, and the famous "Harry Grace à Dieu," which, however, had been beforehand outdone by the "Great Michael" fitted out under James IV. of Scotland, but afterwards sold to the King of France. This last is described by Lindsay of Pitscottie as 240 feet in length, employing all the wrights in Scotland, and using up all the oaks of Fife, save Falkland, carrying 300 marines, six score gunners, and 1,000 men of war; her cost, besides that of her artillery, being 30,000*l*. The impulse given to English shipping under Elizabeth, and the exploits both of traders and freebooters, as well as the gallant efforts for the defence of the realm, receive, we need scarcely say, due justice at our author's hands, and he has availed himself of State papers and other original data in addition to the published materials. Not less full or careful is his narrative of the great Genoese, Venetian, and Portuguese discoveries of the fifteenth century, though the subject is not so open to fresh or original treatment.

To ordinary readers perhaps the most novel and striking part of Mr. Lindsay's book will be that in which he refers to the origin of England's first Shipping Code, the germ of that legislation which has of late years grown to such portentous dimensions and assumed such embarrassing intricacy. It was no doubt to the exigencies of the large and widespread enterprise thrown open for the first time by the Crusades that this primitive body of regulations owed its formal introduction. By the earlier school of antiquaries, like Selden and Coke, they have been deemed of English origin and due to Richard I. The learned work of M. Pardessus has more recently shown that they were based upon more ancient enactments, in part upon the so-called Rhodian laws, but that in the main they belonged to the ancient French code known as the "Rôles or Jugemens d'Oleron." Sir Harris Nicolas, relying upon Brompton, Hoveden, and others, states that Richard drew up at Chinon, on his way to Marseilles, these earliest Articles of War. A memorandum of 12 Edw. III. (A.D. 1284), quoted by Sir Travers Twiss in his edition of the *Black-Book of the Admiralty*, asserts that these laws, the last ten

articles of the Rôles, "were by the Lord Richard, formerly King of England, on his return from the Holy Land, corrected, interpreted, and declared, and were published in the island of Oleron, and were named in the French tongue (Gallica lingua) 'La Ley Olyroun.'" There is no evidence that Richard himself ever went to Oleron. In his appendix Mr. Lindsay cites from the Harleian MSS. six Ordinances of King Richard (A.D. 1192) concerning (1, 2) "Sleigers of men on shipboard and on land," (3) Brauling, (4) The punishment for blood-dwraing, (5) Revilers, (6) "Theft and Pickerry," corresponding to some extent with articles of the Code, which are in all forty-seven. The enactments of the Code refer to the duties of master and seamen, to salvage and averages, to demurrage, bottomry, flotsam and jetsam, to the fisheries, and in particular to wrecking and piracy, against which the severest penalties are laid down. The lord of any place who permits and assists in such villanies is to have all his goods confiscated and sold for the benefit of the injured parties, and himself to be fastened to a post in the midst of his own mansion-house, "which being fired at the four corners, all shall be burned together; the walls thereof shall be demolished, the stones pulled down, and the place converted into a market-place for the sale of hogs and swine only, to all posterity." Bishops and prelates participating in such crimes were to be deprived of their benefices. At a later period the merchants of Wisby, in the island of Gothland, framed their laws upon the Oleron Code, which became the recognized rule for deciding all maritime controversies, not only among the Hanse Towns, but among all nations in the Baltic. The frightful increase of piracy during the long contest between Henry III. and his nobles called forth stringent measures, and for the first time a Lord High Admiral, by name Topham, was appointed. Liverpool about that time became known as a place of maritime trade. English adventurers, long known as the "merchants of the staples of England," first opened trading establishments in the Netherlands and elsewhere abroad, the formation of the Hanseatic League (A.D. 1241) adding much to the commercial advance of Henry's reign. The freedom of the wool trade and the opening up of the Newcastle coal-fields for export abroad marked the reign of Edward III., by whom a roll of the English fleet was for the first time prepared, on the occasion of the attack on Calais, the ships previously employed, and even at this time, having been mainly vessels of commerce supplied by the different trading ports. The fleet fitted out by Henry V. at immense cost for the invasion of France, regardless of the remonstrances of Parliament, was a great advance upon previous armaments. The wisdom of England in keeping up the command of the Channel, seldom more strikingly vindicated, is asserted in the curious contemporary poem the "Dominion of the Sea, or Libel of English Policie," printed by Hakluyt, with extracts from which our author enlivens his pages. It was about 1416 that the formal claim to lordship over the sea was put forth by the Commons, though as far back as the reign of King John the penalty of forfeiture was entailed upon every vessel that would not strike or veil her "bonnet" to a king's ship in token of sovereignty. Side by side with the warlike prowess of the nation went on the spirit of commerce and discovery. The advantages derived from intercourse with foreign countries were best seen by the merchants of England, and in time became the foundation of much of her prosperity and greatness. Our author's sympathy with liberal measures makes it a pleasure to him to trace the progress of her maritime greatness in proportion as her legislation advanced in enlightenment and width. Coming down to later times, he can dilate with pride on the repeal of the restrictive laws on navigation, with the result which he had throughout anticipated, of an unexampled expansion of British shipping and commerce. Nor has he less satisfaction in pointing to what has been done both by public enactment and private spirit to promote the safety and well-being of the seaman. As an owner of shipping on no small scale, he might say much of what he himself has done to grievances such as he himself experienced as an apprentice. No historian of seafaring matters from our day forward will, we may be sure, have to draw a picture of life between decks such as Mr. Lindsay found it fifty years ago. It is with good right that he has undertaken the task of chronicling the maritime and commercial greatness of his country.

CICELY.*

"As long," says the author in the motto to this novel, "as Love continues the most imperious passion, and Death the surest fact of our mingled and marvellous humanity, so long will the sweetest and truest music upon earth be ever in the minor key." There would be more truth in this if it generally happened that the certainty of death and the power of love affected us in all their force at the same period of our life. To the lover sighing like a furnace many things seem far surer than that

Last scene of all
That ends this strange eventful history.

When all the world is young to us, though we acknowledge as our major proposition that all men must die, yet we are slow in fitting that major with its proper minor, that we too are men. If a man is young and healthy, and as yet ignorant of the fact that he has to digest as well as to eat his food, though he will be ready enough

before long to acknowledge, if he does not indeed already acknowledge, that love is the most imperious passion, yet he will not find his pleasure in music in the minor key. The author might indeed bring in proof of her statement the melancholy of the lover's lute. We should in that case be curious to know if the melancholy of the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe depends also on the power of love and the certainty of death. Music in the minor key may at the present time, for all we know, be held the sweetest and truest. But the day has been in the world's history when lovers were not so sad as either a gib cat, or a lugged bear, or an old lion. We ourselves, though Plancus's consulship is long since past, still like a good old-fashioned love-story, where there were cruel fathers and other difficulties enough, but no one thought of dying except some rich old bachelor uncle, whose fortune, left to his nephew or his niece as the case might be, made all things straight. The surest fact of our humanity is, we should have said, that we are alive. Should any novelist come to trouble our idle hours with death, we would say, with a slight change in Mistress Quickly's words, We hope there is no need to trouble ourselves with any such thoughts yet.

Miss Ennis Graham—we think we can scarcely be wrong in assuming that the story before us is written by a woman—is happily not so melancholy in her story as in her motto. The right people do in the end marry, though if they had done so half a volume sooner it would have been better both for them and the reader. The story is fairly interesting as stories go. Had it been a good deal shorter it would have been still more interesting. Cicely, the heroine, when the story opens, is engaged to her cousin Trevor Fawcett. The reader has no expectation, however, that the marriage will ever come about; for in the first place the hero is a young doctor, Mr. Guildford, and he must of course, both as a hero and still more as a doctor, marry some one, and in the next place, quite at the beginning of the story, Mr. Fawcett, in driving at a great pace a pair of horses in a French watering-place, knocks over a beautiful young lady. This young lady, Geneviève Casalis, by one of those strange coincidences in which novelists delight, turns out to be Cicely's cousin. It would, we think, save a great deal of trouble, whenever it happens that an unmarried gentleman of fortune, in driving rapidly round a corner, upsets a pretty girl, if he were either to kill her off on the spot, or else were at once to recognize the decree of fate, and offer to marry her as soon as the doctors have set her on her feet again. Mr. Fawcett does neither one thing nor the other, and in consequence has nearly three volumes of trouble to go through. He scarcely indeed makes the acquaintance of Geneviève at the time, and leaves for England altogether ignorant that she is related to Cicely. The magnificence of his appearance had made, however, a great impression on Geneviève, and "she was quite satisfied that he was already over head and ears in love with her." Before long she has an invitation to visit her English cousins, and starts off for Methven Abbey. Much about the same time that Mr. Fawcett introduces himself to Geneviève by running over her, Mr. Guildford first meets Cicely at the deathbed of her little nephew. It would be a curious speculation which of the two gentlemen of the story has the greater advantage in his first introduction to the lady whom he is afterwards to marry. Geneviève, during the first weeks of her stay at the Abbey, is not informed of her cousin's engagement. Unless she was to be represented as thoroughly bad, it was necessary that she should look upon Fawcett as unengaged. Nevertheless, the author in this part of her story finds herself a good deal perplexed, for it was contrary to all probability that the engagement should have been concealed. When at last an explanation is given, all that Cicely can say is as follows:—

"I thought you would more readily feel at ease with me if you did not know that I was going to be married. I seem older than I am, and I fancied anything of that kind would have made you feel as if I were very much older than you. That was my only reason for not telling you. And besides, there seemed no particular reason for speaking of it immediately—at that time I had no idea that I should be married for a year or two years to come."

Geneviève, knowing then nothing of the engagement, and naturally enough thinking that a man who had almost driven over her must be in love with her, looks forward to an early marriage with this rich English gentleman. Fawcett, who is a weak, good-natured fool, meaning all the while to be faithful to Cicely, pays nevertheless far too much attention to her cousin. To keep the balance true, the doctor on his side should have been courting Cicely; but he, unfortunately, had started in life with the theory that "the grandest women make splendid friends. Women's influence," he was ready to admit one day in speaking to Cicely, "has certainly done all you say, but it has seldom been the influence of wives." Geneviève does, indeed, at last learn of the engagement, to her great indignation and despair. No one, however, has any suspicion of her attachment to Fawcett. A grand ball is given, and there, as Cicely, dispirited with her lover's neglect, sits in the conservatory, she overhears a conversation between him and Geneviève which shows her that she is loved no longer. She returns home to find that her father has died of a fit, and died a ruined man. At the same time Mr. Guildford, who had come to entertain less philosophical views about women, had left the neighbourhood in the full belief that Cicely was before long to be married to Fawcett. He went off to India, and was not heard of again for a long time. Never was heroine in a more pitiable condition—her father dead, her mother not far from death, the family estate to be sold, her lover faithless, her cousin treacherous, and the young doctor, who alone would have been worthy of her, gone

* *Cicely: a Story of Three Years.* By Ennis Graham, Author of "She was Young and He was Old," "Not without Thorns," &c. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1874.

off no one knew where. Sir Thomas Fawcett, Trevor's father, when he hears that his old friend Colonel Methvyn had died a ruined man, is only the more eager that his son should marry his daughter. His only fear is lest she, in the pride of poverty, should now refuse to marry him:—

"You may take my word for it, Trevor, if things are as bad as I fear, Cicely will be proposing to break off with you."

Mr. Fawcett had risen from his seat, and was tramping up and down the room. He did not wish his father to see how exceedingly he was startled by this fresh view of matters. Cicely to give him up! And why? Because she was no longer rich, could no longer bring Greystone as her dowry—Cicely, his dear old friend and playmate, his promised wife—could he accept such a release? Cicely rich, he had come to think, or, to fancy he thought, that she did not care for him, that she was cold and indifferent, that she would be glad to break with him—he had excused his own weakness and folly by such specious arguments, and had tried to think he believed them. But Cicely poor!

"No," he said to himself, "if this is true, not all the Genevièves on earth should persuade me to give her up. Was there ever in this world such a fool as I have been? But still, if this is true, my course is clear."

Cicely of course refuses to have him, and reproaches him not so much with his treachery towards her as towards Geneviève, whom he would now desert. She insists that he shall marry her cousin, and herself brings about the match. If only that unlucky philosophical doctor had not started off for India, he might, after a decent time of mourning, have had a chance of testing his theories about splendid friends and the influence of wives. Unhappily for him, the necessities of the third volume required his absence. He reads "in some fashionable record of 'arrivals in town' the names of Mr. and Mrs. Fawcett from Burnstay Castle," and at once jumps to the conclusion that Mrs. Fawcett is Cicely. The long period which he consequently had of unwedded life was perhaps a fitting punishment for wasting his time in reading the *Morning Post*.

Meanwhile the death of Mrs. Methvyn affords the author an opportunity of once more delighting the reader with music in the minor key. Cicely goes off to France to visit her cousins at the watering-place where the pair of horses worked her so much mischief. There it so happened, by a second, and this time a blessed, coincidence, that Guildford came to recruit his health after his stay in India. He was being nursed by his elder sister, a widow. The reader does not see very much of her. She is nevertheless one of the best drawn characters in the book. Early in the story she was arguing against her brother's resolution not to marry and his theories about friendship. He had maintained, on the authority "of a very wise person," that we should descend a step in choosing a wife, mount a step in choosing a friend:—

"It's a very nasty, mean, spiteful saying, whoever said it," said Bessie wrathfully. "It's just that men are so jealous that they can't bear their wives to be thought more of than themselves. Who said it, Edmund?" she went on looking rather frightened as an idea struck her. "It wasn't Solomon, it isn't in the Bible, is it?"

There is a happy touch of humour in the stroke about Solomon and the fear that she may have unawares been condemning something that is in the Bible. By the time, however, that we have now reached in the narrative there was no fear that the authority of Solomon should be invoked against matrimony. Guildford was willing enough to marry, but the end of the third volume was still, we suppose, too far distant. He takes it into his head that Cicely prefers a certain parson, and leaves for England without speaking out. In fact, he would never have got married at all had not her sister turned up from India. She, being a woman who cared, we should imagine, very little for music in the minor key, convinced no doubt that the surest fact of our mingled and marvellous humanity is a comfortable match, seeing, too, how the land lay, quickly brought the hero and the heroine to an understanding. Guildford owns that his theories were all wrong, and ends by saying:—

"Yes, I understand it now:

'Sole spark from God's life at strife,
With death, so, sure of range above
The limits here.'

We should understand him all the better if in his quotation the stops had not been sprinkled about as if from a pepper-box.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

A FEW months ago we noticed the first volume of the *Memoirs of John Quincy Adams*, sixth President of the United States. We have now to invite attention to the second volume*, comprising Mr. Adams's diary while representing his country at the Court of St. Petersburg and negotiating the treaty that ended the war of 1812 between England and America. On the 5th of August, 1809, Mr. Adams set sail from Boston in a private sailing vessel belonging to that port on a voyage direct to the Russian capital. Nothing of interest happened until he entered the Sound, but there he had an experience of that annoyance of which the United States were then so loudly complaining, and which ultimately led to the war of 1812. England and Denmark, it will be remembered, were at war, and British ships were in consequence closely blockading the Danish coasts. When Mr. Adams entered the Sound, he was brought to by two men-of-war, his vessel was boarded

by an English captain, and the crew mustered on deck for the officer's inspection. The appearance of one of the sailors, as it happened, did not correspond with his description in the ship's papers, and the captain consequently threatened to carry him off to serve on board his own vessel. However, he did not execute his threat. But as the men-of-war had strict orders to allow no vessel to pass through the Sound, the officers felt themselves in a difficulty regarding Mr. Adams, whose diplomatic character entitled him to special consideration. The matter was referred to the decision of the Admiral, and by him the American Minister was suffered to proceed on his pledging himself not voluntarily to enter a Danish port. But there was danger that the Danes might seize the ship for having intercourse with the blockading squadron. On the contrary, they behaved with much civility, allowed Mr. Adams and his party to land, and visit Copenhagen, which he found suffering severely from the effects of the blockade. At length, after a tempestuous and dangerous voyage of seventy-five days, the first envoy ever accredited by the United States to the Court of St. Petersburg reached his destination in safety. He was received with marked favour by the Czar, and in one of his first interviews with Count Romanzoff, the Imperial Chancellor, the Count with undiplomatic frankness let out the secret of the gratification of the Russian Court at the appointment of a regular resident Minister by the United States. After much conversation of no special interest, Count Romanzoff stated "that the English exclusive maritime pretensions, and views of usurpation upon the rights of other nations, made it essential to them, and especially to Russia, that some great commercial State should be supported as their rival, that the United States of America were such a State, and the highest interest of Russia was to support and favour them, as by their relative situation the two Powers could never be in any manner dangerous to each other." We have quoted this passage in full as throwing light on the origin and motives of the strange friendship which has since subsisted between Russia and the United States. At the time Mr. Adams reached St. Petersburg France was at the zenith of her power, and it was the policy of the Russian Court to affect great zeal for the closest possible alliance with Napoleon. Hence every opportunity was taken to pay court to his representative. Mr. Adams records several striking instances of the homage rendered to Caulaincourt, Duke of Vicenza, then Ambassador of France at the Court of St. Petersburg. For example, at a Court ball given in honour of the Czar's birthday, we are told that much anxiety was felt by the other Ministers to ascertain whether the Empress and the Grand Duchess Ann would dance with the Austrian Ambassador. "They did not. They danced only with the French Ambassador, and he only sits at the Imperial table at supper." Again, at a dinner given by the Austrian Minister in honour of his master's birthday, the Emperor Francis's health was drunk in champagne, the company all rising from table. Before sitting down, Count Romanzoff, the Imperial Chancellor of Russia, addressing himself, across his host, to the Ambassador of France, drank to the health of his master. Mr. Adams observes upon this that the dinner was given solely in honour of the Emperor Francis, and that, at a similar dinner at the French Ambassador's, Count Romanzoff would never think of toasting the Austrian sovereign. But the alliance between the two Courts was now drawing to a close. Soon rumours began to spread of differences and disputes, and after a while Count Romanzoff himself spoke freely of the danger of war. On one occasion he related to Mr. Adams a highly characteristic anecdote of Napoleon which we do not remember to have before seen in print:—"The Count shook his head, and said, 'No; it is impossible. Tranquillity is not in his nature. I can tell you in confidence that he once told me so himself. I was speaking to him about Spain and Portugal, and he said to me "I must always be going. After the Peace of Tilsit, where could I go but to Spain? I went to Spain because I could not go anywhere else." And this,' said the Count, 'was all that he had to say in justification of his having gone into Spain and Portugal.'" But although on this and some few other occasions Count Romanzoff spoke freely to him, Mr. Adams, upon the whole, seems to have been singularly ill informed of what was going on around him. Not only was he extremely ignorant regarding the disputes that led to the invasion of Russia, but even respecting the events of the invasion itself he obtained no precise knowledge. The truth is that, in accordance with the settled but mistaken policy of the American Government, his allowances were so small as to prevent him from being able to obtain valuable information. Indeed so meagre was his salary that he was not in a position to follow the example of the other Ministers, and leave St. Petersburg for a part of the year. On one occasion the Czar, in his daily constitutional walk, having met the American historian, asked him plainly why he remained in the city; was it because of the narrowness of his means? Mr. Adams frankly answered "Yes." Upon which the Czar commended him for his prudent thrift. But if a diplomatic representative is of any value to a nation, the wisdom of the policy may well be doubted which compels him to have recourse to such economies.

Although France has now no possessions on the North American continent, there was a time when she claimed a territory vaster even than our own, and when her power appeared so formidable as to make it seem for a while doubtful whether she or England would have the privilege of giving to the continent a population, language, religion, and laws. The Seven Years' War settled the doubt. But the struggle was maintained so obstinately,

* *Memoirs of John Quincy Adams*. Edited by Charles Francis Adams. Vol. II. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

and gave occasion for the display of so much courage and ability by the beaten and the victorious party alike, as to render its history even yet full of interest for English readers. There is another circumstance, too, which throws a retrospective interest over the American contest of France and England. It is now easy to see that the struggle which had its termination on the Heights of Abraham had a further consequence than deciding that the North American Continent was to be English in race, language, creed, and institutions. It prepared the way for the separation of the colonies from the mother-country. Whether the Government of George III. would have put forward the pretension to tax the colonists without representation, had France remained mistress on the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, may be doubted. But in any case it is certain that the colonists would not have been so ready to repel the pretension with arms. With a great Power, alien in blood, religion, and polity, on their northern and western frontiers, they would have felt too keenly the need of English protection to incur by insurrection the risk of passing under Popish and absolutist sway. Had France not been expelled from the continent by English valour and statesmanship, it may be assumed that the Declaration of Independence would not have taken place when it did. Viewed in this light it was the conquest of Canada which made possible the meeting of the Continental Congress, and the revolutionary war. But, formidable as the power of France seemed at one time, in reality it carried in its bosom the seeds of its own decay. This point Mr. Parkman's history * makes abundantly plain. The French settlements in America were doomed from the first by vices similar to those which have blighted the fair promise of the magnificent Spanish colonies. Whereas Englishmen emigrated to the New World to better their fortunes or to escape from oppression at home, and were left to manage their own affairs with the least possible interference by the authorities in England, the French settlements were founded with a definite governmental and ecclesiastical purpose, and the intervention of the King and his Ministers was minute and incessant. In short, Canada was colonized quite as much to counterbalance the religion as the power of England on the other side of the Atlantic. And hence it had from the outset not only a missionary character, but it was fatally subject to Jesuit influences, and its settlers were recruited too exclusively from those who were filled with a spirit akin to that of the Crusaders. Further, the settlers carried with them those feudal institutions which by their oppressive exactions and unjust exemptions had reduced the peasantry of the mother-country to a state of chronic starvation. Obviously a colony so constituted could not permanently prosper, though, while religious enthusiasm continued fresh, it would naturally be rich in heroism as well as in imaginary miracles. Of the heroism displayed in the early days of the colony, when the whole number of the settlers amounted to but a few thousands, against the wily and hostile savages by whom they were surrounded, Mr. Parkman gives many striking instances in the fourth part of his History, which now lies before us; not the least remarkable being the defence, by seventeen Frenchmen and five friendly Indians, for eight whole days against seven hundred warriors, of an extemporized fort protected only by a picket fence. But the heroism was not more brilliant than the superstition was grovelling. Neither victory nor defeat occurred without its miracle.

In 1852, while the gold fever was at its highest in California, Captain Scammon of the United States Revenue Marine, who happened to be on the coast of that State, found himself compelled to choose between abandoning the sea altogether and taking command of a brig bound on a whaling expedition. In the true spirit of a sailor he chose the latter alternative, and, being a man of reflective turn of mind and strong powers of observation, he availed himself of the opportunity thus afforded to study the habits of the animals in whose pursuit he was engaged. The task he set himself was by no means so easy as it may appear to persons having no practical knowledge of the matter. On the contrary, Captain Scammon states, as the result of his own experience, that close observation for months and even for years may be required before a single new fact regarding the habits of whales or seals can be obtained. Even to delineate accurately the forms of the larger cetaceans is extremely difficult, for usually only a small section of the middle part of the animal is above the water, and, when decomposition causes the body to rise, it has become quite distorted in shape. A consideration of facts such as these will explain how it is that so little has been contributed to the natural history of mammals by practical whalers. Captain Scammon, however, after years of observation and inquiry, has been able to collect a considerable body of information respecting the habits of those animals, which he imparts in a plain and popular style, using technical terms very sparingly; and he has increased the value of his work † by adding to it a history of the American whale fishery.

The fact that President Woolsey's treatise on International Law ‡ has already reached a fourth edition may be taken as evidence of the increasing attention now paid to the subject of which it treats

by all who lay claim to a liberal education in the United States. Certainly the long controversy maintained with this country in regard to the recognition of Confederate belligerency and the depredations of the *Alabama* and its sister cruisers proves that no people stands more in need of enlightenment on the subject. The first edition of President Woolsey's work appeared in 1860, the second, considerably enlarged, four years later, and the third, with further valuable additions, in 1871. The fourth edition which now appears likewise contains various additions. The work is intended for students rather than lawyers, the author having undertaken its preparation while lecturing on international law and history at Yale College. To the original historical sketch of the subject, corrected and enlarged, Dr. Woolsey has added, in the form of a second appendix, a pretty full summary of the various treaties which form the landmarks of international jurisprudence, and in the notes newly introduced he has brought down the discussion to the present time.

Mr. Shepherd's "English Language" * contains the substance of lectures delivered by him at the Baltimore City College during the past three years, and is put forward as a handbook for the students of English philology. Its design is to trace in the light of the latest researches the growth and formation of our mother tongue, and the influences that have affected its development.

The leading place which questions of education now occupy in the minds of thoughtful men on both sides of the Atlantic is very clearly shown by the number of books on the subject which are being constantly issued from the press. Some of these books, indeed, have little to recommend them save the desire of the writers to contribute their share to the common fund of discussion. But all bear testimony to the interest which the subject is exciting. Others of the books, again, though having little value in the way of educational suggestion, are yet instructive as throwing light on the special educational problems which particular countries have to solve. Here, for example, is a work by the Secretary of the Connecticut Board of Education, which, under the title of *Education Abroad* †, is an attempt to dissuade American parents from sending their children to Europe, and more particularly to Germany, for instruction. The author is of opinion that Americans educated abroad are less fitted for participation in American life, whether public or commercial, than those trained at home. He further tells us that young Americans return from Germany with political notions not at all adapted to the institutions of the United States. To this, which is the main purpose of the work, Dr. Northrop adds some papers in advocacy of a universal law of compulsory attendance at school.

Another work of this class is that of Mr. Quick on Educational Reformers.‡ The author is an Englishman, his preface being dated from Ingtestone, in Essex, so long ago as May 1863. Whether the work is merely an American reprint, or now appears for the first time on the other side of the Atlantic, there is nothing to show.

German University Life § is partly a translation and partly a compendium of a portion of Professor Steffans's autobiographical work, *Was ich erlebte*, which was published at Breslau some years since. Professor Steffans was born in Norway, but while he was still a child his parents removed to Copenhagen. He studied at the Universities of that city and of Kiel, and at the age of twenty-five, provided with a travelling pension from the Danish Treasury, he entered Germany, which thenceforward became his home. In old age he composed the autobiographical work to which we have referred. It is diffuse and garrulous to wearisomeness, filling not less than ten thick volumes, yet it contains much that is rare and valuable in illustration of the mental life of the German Universities of his day. To preserve this part, while rejecting what is worthless, has been the object which Mr. Gage set himself. By translating selections from the seven last volumes, he presents us with a portrait gallery of such men as Goethe, Schiller, Schelling, Schleiermacher, Fichte, Novalis, Schlegel, Neander, and others.

Among the signs of the increasing extent to which Americans travel in Europe may be noted the annual publication of a guide-book of Europe || specially designed for them. Numerous as are the European guide-books of European travel, it appears that none of them are exactly adapted to the requirements of the American tourist. Such at least is the opinion of Messrs. Lippincott. Accordingly they prepare and publish annually an American guide-book, which in a single handy volume contains all the information that the ordinary American tourist is supposed to require.

Mr. Gilman's *First Steps in General History* ¶ is an introduction to the study of history intended for the young, and is planned on the principle of attempting to stimulate the student to investigate for himself, and, instead of pretending to supply him with the information he requires, to indicate the path he ought to pursue.

* *The History of the English Language*. By H. E. Shepherd. New York: Hale & Son. London: Trübner & Co.

† *Education Abroad*. By B. G. Northrop, LL.D. New York and Chicago: Barnes & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

‡ *Essays on Educational Reformers*. By R. H. Quick. Cincinnati: Clarke & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

§ *German University Life*. By H. Steffans. Translated by W. L. Gage. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

|| *American Guide to Europe*. Philadelphia and New York: Lippincott & Co. London: Cook & Son, &c.

¶ *First Steps in General History*. By A. Gillman. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cambridge: The Riverside Press. London: Trübner & Co.

* *France and England in North America*. By Francis Parkman. Part IV. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co.

† *The Marine Mammals of the North-Western Coast of North America*. By Charles M. Scammon, Captain U.S. Revenue Marine. San Francisco: Carmany & Co. New York: Putnam's Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co.

‡ *Introduction to the Study of International Law*. By Theodore D. Woolsey. Fourth Edition. London: Stevens & Haynes, New York: Scribner & Co.

*Under the Trees** is a collection of brief essays without any particular merit. The writer, we are told, yields to the request of others in publishing them. Had he been less complaisant the reading public would have suffered no loss.

Of *The Lost Model*†, a romance, we have to speak in somewhat similar terms. It is neither better nor worse than the ordinary run of circulating library novels, and though it may do well enough to pass the heavy hours of idle triflers, it will hardly enchain the attention of those who are not at a loss to kill time.

Mr. O'Reilly's *Songs from the Southern Seas*‡ can hardly be called poetry, but as illustrations of life in a penal colony they are not devoid of interest.

The author of *The Martyrdom of Jesus of Nazareth*§ is a Jew, who, professing to be free from sectarian and party bias, and claiming for himself a more intimate knowledge of the Rabbinical writings, and consequently of the spirit of the time and country in which Jesus lived, than is possessed by European scholars, offers this work as an historico-critical treatise on the last chapters of the Gospel.

The *Bibliotheca Diabolica*|| of Messrs. Scribner and Co. is a catalogue of rare and curious books relating to the Devil. It is divided into two parts; the first containing the titles of the humorous works on the subject, the second those of the serious ones. It lays claim to unprecedented completeness, on the ground that books which only incidentally treat of diabolism are included in the index.

We may conclude with the mention of the *Penn Monthly*¶ for September and October, a periodical whose chief *raison d'être* seems to be to combat "English Political Economy"—that is to say, the doctrine of Free-trade—and to support a Protection policy.

* *Under the Trees*. By S. J. Prime. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co.

† *The Lost Model*. By H. Hooper. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

‡ *Songs from the Southern Seas*. By J. B. O'Reilly. Boston: Roberts Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co.

§ *The Martyrdom of Jesus of Nazareth*. By Dr. J. M. Wise. Office of the American Israelites: Cincinnati.

|| *Bibliotheca Diabolica*. New York: Scribner, Welford, & Armstrong.

¶ *The Penn Monthly*. Philadelphia: Central News Company. Boston: Williams & Co. London: Heringham & Hollis.

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